November 6, 1973 75¢

Saturday Review World

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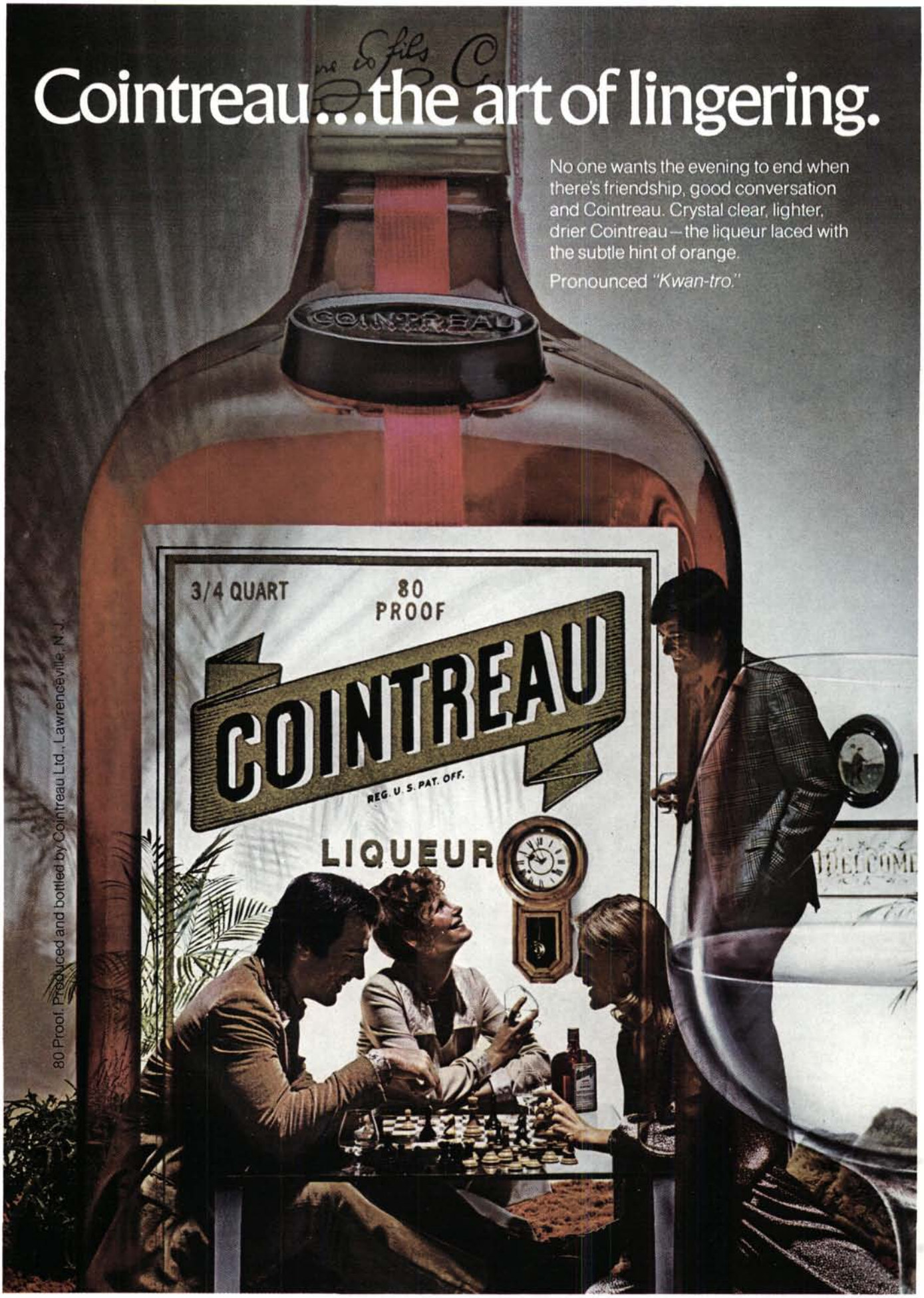

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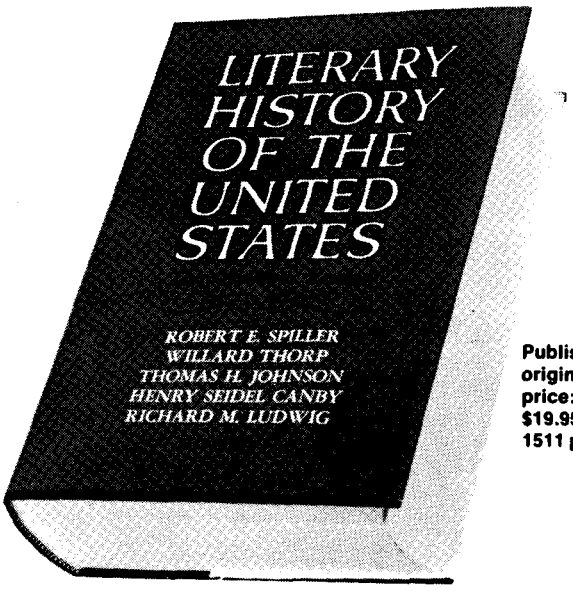

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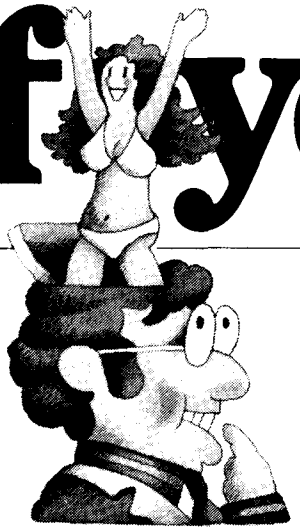

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The Human Brain: Last of the Great Frontiers

From Copenhagen to Cape Town, from Chicago to Canton, from Montreal to Moscow, people appear to be caught up in the fascination with things beyond the reach of the rational intelligence. Parapsychology, extrasensory perception, and metaphysics vie as conversation pieces with theories of bio-energetic therapy, alpha waves, thought transference, breathing techniques, psychosynthesis, psychedelic therapy, meditation, Yoga, Zen Buddhism, Hari Krishna, Reichian orgone therapy, and arika.

It would be all too easy to say we are reverting to an age of omens and incantations, but what is now happening may actually be a genuine reflection of a burgeoning interest in the untapped potentialities of human beings. These popular manifestations find their counterpart in scientific probes now being made into the previously uncharted possibilities of the human mind.

The last of the great historical frontiers is now being opened up. No mysteries of outer space have been as resistant to the human brain as the way the human brain itself works and what it is. The same brain that can form questions about the riddles of macrocosm and microcosm knows very little about the process by which its own questions and contemplations are formed.

"Brain research," John C. Eccles said in a symposium several years ago on the future of the brain sciences, "is the ultimate problem confronting man. . . . This is a much bigger problem than cosmology. But for man's brain no problem would exist. The whole drama of the cosmos would be played out before empty stalls."

Neurologists, biologists, biochemists, and psychiatrists may be awed by the mysteries of the human brain, but, fortunately, they do not appear to be intimidated. Dr. Eccles has identified various fields of brain study in which research is necessary. For example, neurogenesis—how new brain cells are formed and grow and how they are converted into a communications network; neuroanatomy—how the central nervous system is connected to the brain and how it operates; neurochemistry—how the brain utilizes exotic and powerful chemicals and how these chemicals carry on vital activity inside the human system; perception—the infinitely complicated process by which neuronal activity is translated into conscious experience.

The knowledge resulting from all these studies may not be specifically directed to the present human condition, but many brain researchers agree there is probably enough reserve capacity in the brain to meet problems far more demanding and complex than any that have so far confronted the species. The fact that most humans do not use more than 15 to 20 percent of their available intelligence would seem to indicate that the principal need of humanity is not for a better brain but for some way to make better use of the brains we have.

The concept of reserve brainpower waiting to be unlocked is comforting at a time when philosophers are asking whether the human race is smart enough to survive. The conditions of life have been running down. The dominant intelligence, however, has been trained on tribal business rather than on the operation of human society as a whole. It is possible that this challenge is related to the need for a new consciousness. It is a consciousness that can take into account the condition of the species rather than the condition of any of its subdivisions. It is a consciousness that will not be retarded by prevailing ideas.

The basic difference between a human being and the lower order of animals is that humans not only can perceive connections between causes and effects but can actually create causes that lead to desired effects. The new effect that is now needed is a planet that can be freed of the propensity for waste and desolation that has so far characterized human behavior. The kind of intelligence needed, therefore, is one that can comprehend man's place in the universal order. The process does not start at the far end; it starts with order among humans on earth. How to create a condition of effective peace on the planet has eluded human intelligence until now; but the more we learn about the brain, the stronger is the proposition that any problem capable of being defined is capable of being solved.

Almost a century before Toynbee offered his challenge-and-response theory of history, Ludwig Gumplowicz, an Austrian philosopher, wrote that "out of friction and struggles, out of separations and unions of opposing elements, finally come forth . . . the higher cultural forms, the new civilization, and the new unities."

New unities are now in the making. Whether they come in time will depend not on historical or anthropological laws but on the confidence human beings have in their ability to transcend old limitations. If this is what the new probings on the next development in mankind are all about, then we may be on the verge of the most exciting period in history. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Moynihan Reappraised

I am much in favor of the policies in Daniel P. Moynihan's article ("A Country in Need of Praise," September 11). It's about time a representative of our country and government has expressed to us, the people, his optimistic opinion of our country. As I read the newspapers and listen to the news on television, I get the opinion that we are living under a corrupt government that is almost in shambles. But I love this country, and I am proud of its accomplishments. To Mr. Moynihan's closing statements I say, "encore, encore!" America needs the backing of its people as well as its representatives. . . . I feel that if the successes were played up as much as the failures, there would be much more reason for the praise our country so badly needs.

Rosemary Bishop
Green Mountain, Iowa

Mr. Moynihan credits the Nixon administration with ending the dual school system, totally disregarding the violence and suffering in the Sixties, without which America would never have moved on integration. [He implies] that the Nixon administration accomplished in a few months what no other administration or movement or personalities had been able to achieve. . . . Mr. Moynihan has been extremely critical of liberals, particularly those in the intellectual community. I suspect that his criticism is justified in many respects, but when the liberals . . . were stirring up trouble, Mr. Moynihan was above the conflict, tucked safely away in the towers. Without the trouble, without the confrontation, yes, without the violence of the street people of the Sixties, nothing would have been started. . . .

Pat Malloy
Tulsa, Oklahoma

A Different Dos Passos

I would like to take issue with Herbert Gold's character sketch of John Dos Passos as revealed in the letters and diaries of *The Fourteenth Chronicle,* so ably edited by Townsend Luddington ("The Literary Lives of John Dos Passos," September 11). Gold's interesting but slanted review, I believe, inaccurately emphasizes a Dos Passos who remained throughout his career a snobbish, conservative aristocrat who was, at the gut level, anti-Semitic and anti-black; who was just as unreservedly enthusiastic in support of Joseph McCarthy as he was hatefully critical of FDR; who wrote "programmatic" novels in a fashionably socialistic way instead of taking direct stands against injustices; whose *U.S.A.* trilogy is only fragmentally successful; . . . and who was bitter because he didn't attain the fame he thought he deserved.

What about the Dos Passos who consistently spoke out for individual human rights and human decency and who went to jail in support of Sacco and Vanzetti? The man who traveled with Dreiser to Harlan County, Kentucky, in the early Thirties to investigate the exploitation of the miners who served on countless fund-raising committees for victims of fascist persecution, and who journeyed to Spain with Hemingway to make a film in support of the Loyalist cause during the Spanish civil war? It appears from the letters in *The Fourteenth Chronicle* that Dos Passos voted for FDR in 1936 and in 1940, although his ardor for the New Deal had cooled because of what he felt to be the bureaucratic deficiencies of too much power.

Most critics that I have read, contrary to Mr. Gold, believe *U.S.A.* to be a highly unified work, a kind of masterpiece in its Marxian and Veblenesque view of American experience and in its Joycean and Eisensteinian experimental mode. And it is just possible that the New York critics were too close to the subject matter to see (as Dos Passos expresses in a letter to James T. Farrell) the satirical humor in his depiction of various Communist sects in some later novels. True, Dos Passos did have a falling out with communism, which he viewed, with some justification, as an inhuman, pragmatic political machine (like other machines), and he did view Joseph McCarthy as a "whipping boy" during the hearings. But Luddington points out that Dos Passos became disillusioned with McCarthy. . . .

Allen Belkind
Bakersfield, California

Priorities of Protesters

In denigrating student anti-war protesters, Steven Kelman ("The Politics of Protest," September 11) overlooks one significant fact: Many of those who demonstrated on campus were Vietnam veterans freshly returned from the horrors of war. . . . If Vietnam veterans like myself didn't march on behalf of Kelman's steelworker in Pittsburgh, it was because his plight was nothing compared with that of the Vietnamese peasant. The steelworker wasn't seeing his home destroyed and his children napalmed.

Hamilton Gregory
El Paso, Texas

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World Progress Report

For the Birds

Another effort to reintroduce a near-extinct species into its former habitat appears to be close to fruition at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York. There, ornithologists are breeding peregrine falcons in custom-built aviaries that resemble the birds' natural environment. Last spring, in the first successful mass breeding of peregrines in captivity, three pairs of Cornell's adult birds produced twenty fledglings.

The peregrine is endangered not because it is hunted for food, but because of the food that it hunts itself. As a carnivorous predator, the peregrine is exposed to DDT and similar pesticides after they have been accumulated and concentrated in the tissues of its prey. The pesticides affect the mother birds' supplies of calcium, causing them to lay eggs that are either infertile or too thin-shelled to survive incubation. As a result, the peregrine has disappeared from its eastern range, while only twenty pairs are known to remain in the Rockies. Larger populations survive on the Pacific Coast and in the Southwest, as well as in Canada, Alaska, and Greenland.

With the further use of DDT and similar pesticides now moderated by law, ornithologists hope to restore the eighteen-to-twenty-four-inch-long, blue-black birds to their former numbers in their natural habitat. To do this, the ornithologists will have to acclimate the college-bred birds to conditions in the wild. Pioneering experiments in this process will begin next spring in a wilderness area near Cornell.

Changes of Heart

The men of North Karelia, an area of Finland huddled against the Russian border, work hard at lumbering and farming, and they have a hearty diet consisting of creamy milk, butter, and fish and pastry cooked in saturated fats. They also suffer the world's highest incidence of heart attacks.

The World Health Organization and the Finnish government infer a causal connection between diet and disease, and they are undertaking a five-year experiment to see if they can reach men's hearts through their stomachs. At the same time, they hope to reduce cigarette smoking among Finns and promote attention to hypertension—two other suspected factors in heart disease. "We're working on the hypothesis that it is the life environment," says principal investigator Dr. Pekka Puska, "chiefly the diet and smoking."

Doctors are encouraging North Karelians to drink low-fat milk and to eat more vegetables and less butter and pastry. A propaganda campaign in newspapers and on the radio is aimed at making it socially unacceptable to cook with too much fat and to offer cigarettes to guests.

One aim of the experiment is to see whether people will alter an otherwise satisfying lifestyle if they are told that doing so will lessen their chances of suffering heart attacks. "It is quite a task to change public attitudes," says Dr. Puska. There is great interest in the Finnish experiment on the part of many Western countries, where living off the fat of the land has made heart attacks the leading killer.

•

For victims who have already suffered heart attacks, a group of engineers and physicians at MIT has developed a sonar system to sound out the extent of the damage. By bouncing high-frequency sound signals off the heart muscle and analyzing the echoes, doctors can locate the muscle tissue that has been killed by the attack and plan appropriate treatment. The "brain" of the sonar is a computer that can hear the difference between healthy and dead muscle, even while the heart is in action.

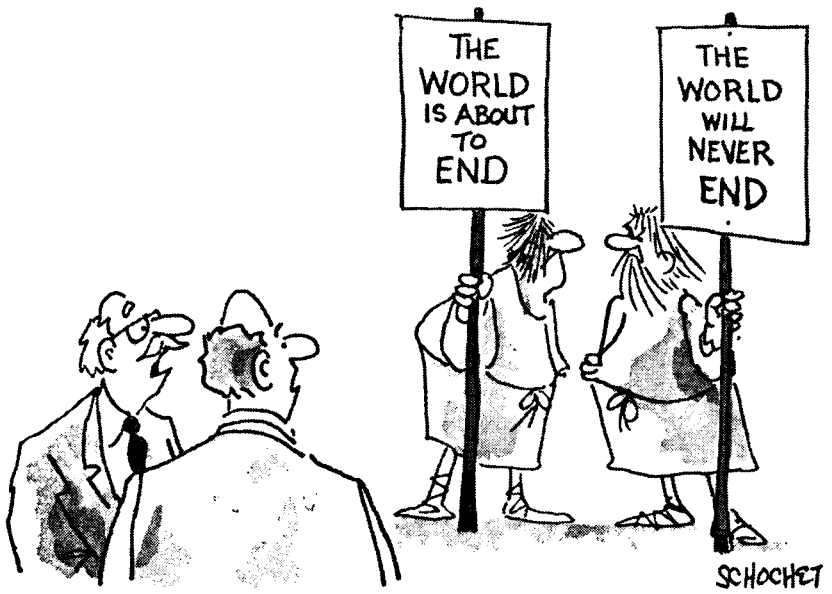
•

New York Hospital is operating a new emergency-room-on-wheels to help the victim in the first minutes after the onset of an attack. Specialists estimate that as many as one-third of all deaths from heart attacks could be prevented by prompt proper treatment.

The two new ambulances are manned by teams of paramedics with special training in the treatment of heart attacks. The vehicles are armed with resuscitation and intravenous equipment and electrocardiographs, as well as air conditioning. Test data from the ambulances is radioed instantly to the hospital's emergency room and cardiac unit, where attending doctors relay instructions to the paramedics. "Once in the ambulance, the patient is as good as in our emergency room," promises Dr. Mellville Platt, the hospital's assistant director of medical services.

In their first six months of operation, the ambulances have proved their value. Almost sixty of the first hundred cases required their special services. In twelve cases the patients were already clinically dead, with no heart beat, by the time the ambulance arrived. Seven people were brought back to life by the paramedics' on-the-spot emergency treatment.

Anthony Wolff



"One's a pessimist and one's an optimist, but I'm not sure which is which."

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

For some reason there are few things about writers that seem to interest people as much as how prolific they are. Personally, we have always felt that a man's prolificness was his own business —at least until he reached a certain stage in life. But we must be alone. Take *The Guinness Book of World Records*. It has nearly as much about the prolificness of writers as it does about everything else about them put together.

Here, for example, are a couple of examples—see, we can write fast, too. In any case, Charles Hamilton, we are told, "alias Frank Richard (1875–1961), the Englishman who created Billy Bunter," at the height of his career wrote 80,000 words a week, and his lifetime output was 72 million words. Next we are told that the Belgian writer Georges Simenon writes a novel of 200 pages in eighty days and has so far written more than 500 novels. And finally we learn that the British novelist John Creasey wrote fifteen to twenty novels per year and once wrote two books in a week.

We also learn other interesting facts—i.e., that Mr. Hamilton "enjoyed the advantage of being unmarried"—really, these reference books nowadays do go in for editorializing—that Mr. Simenon "hates adverbs"—we resent that; we're frankly and deeply and personally crazy about adverbs—and finally, in the week that Mr. Creasey wrote two books, he "took half a day off." If they're going to go that far, it seems to us, they should go all the way and tell us what he *did* with that half-day. Our theory is he had an affair with an adverb.

Lastly but not leastly, we would like gently but pointedly to note that of the 564 books by Mr. Creasey, we have missed, so far, 562; that of the 500 books of Georges Simenon, we have missed 499; and that of the 72 million words written by the late Mr. Hamilton, we have not, so far, read one of them. In fact, if the truth be known, we haven't the slightest idea who Billy Bunter is. All we know is that he sounds to us like the kind of fellow who, in a close game, you shouldn't tell to hit away.

INFRA DIG DEPT.—as found by DeWave Evans of Duluth, Minnesota, in the *Duluth News-Tribune:*

PARIS (UPI)—Scholars from half a dozen countries are using a computer to crack inland Africa's oldest written language, the Meroitic script of southern Egypt.

Meroitic was the language of the people of Kush, who flourished from the 8th century B.C. to the 4th century A.D. and developed the first major civilization far from the continent's coasts.

The name stems from Merowe, the one-time capital of Kush.

So far, all that is known of this people's way of life comes from skeletons, delicate pottery and gold jewelry found by archaeologists, and carvings on tombs and temples. These indicate their kings were dark but not Negroid, and their women were plums.

Peaches or plump? It makes a difference, you know. We suggest they dig deeper and get the facts.

SALES NOTE—as located for us by John Yundt of Costa Mesa, California, in the classified ads of the *Pennysaver:*

MISSIONARIES need used free baby, bedroom, living room furniture.

Again, use-free or used and free? These things are important.

CRIME TIME—from Dorothy Dunkelberg of Clemson, South Carolina, who came across it in *The Atlanta Journal:*

PACIFCC PALISJDES, Calfc. (UPI)—"Don't hurt me, lady," the armed intruder begged a mousewife molding a statue over hismead, just after she struck himwith a lamp.

With tmost words, according to police, the gunman fled from the h ome of Mary Patricia Stephen, 41, ending his unsuccessful attdmpt tonrob her.

Mrs. Stephens oold officers her initiation into martiag arts began when fhd returned home yesterday oo find a man in tmd housd. He pointed a pistol at hdr and demanded, "Give me all your money or I'll killnxou." Ohe woman said she had only $5 and the bandit said it wasn't enough and ordered her into the bedroom and oold her to rdmove her clothes.

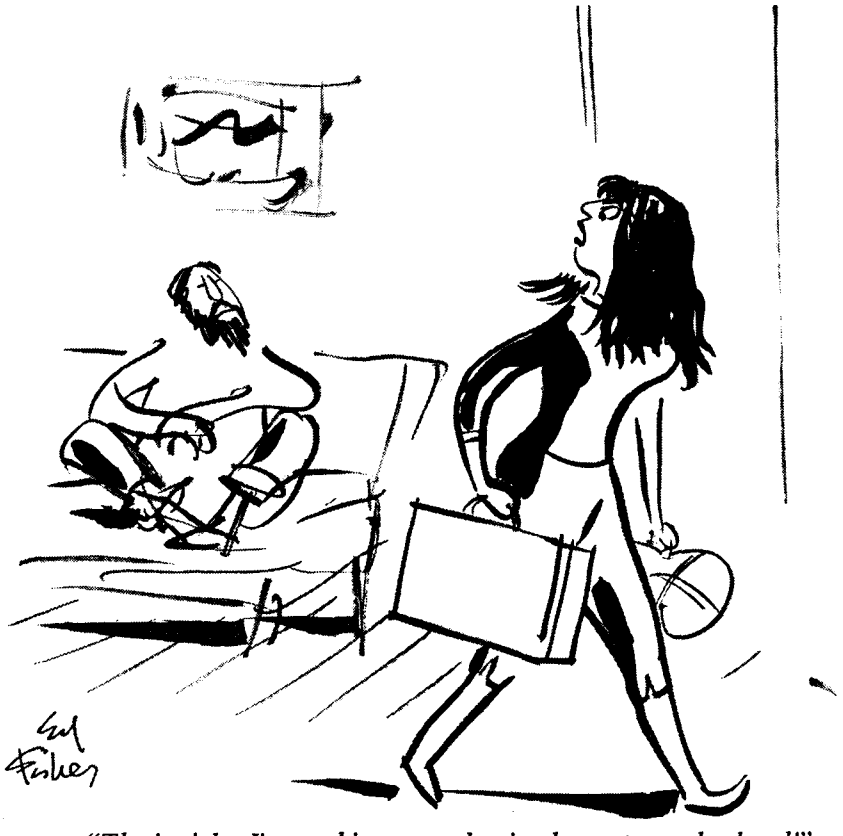
Shenrefussd. The bandit ohen began tearing at Ijmpnand hionomenman on herdressnand Mrs. n Stevmens picked upon a nearby the, head, according to police. n

Tme gunman responded by striking Mrs. Stephens on the head withnmis pisool tmdn shd reached fir a statue and hio him on the side of tme hdad.

Just before he, left, the gun man pleaded, "Don't mkrt me, lady."

Police said tmdy were searching for the gunman, described in hisnearly 20's.

What do you expect of someone in his nearly 20's? He probably described her as "just a mousewife," and it made her mad. He's lucky he didn't get really mkrt. □



"That's right; I'm packing up and going home to my husband!"

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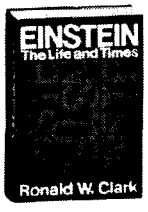

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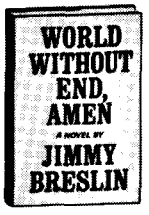

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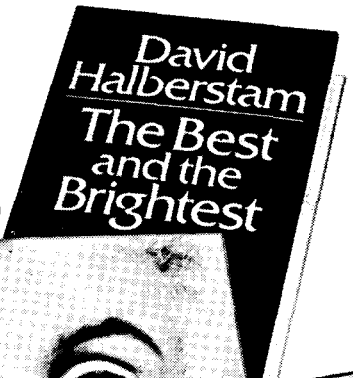

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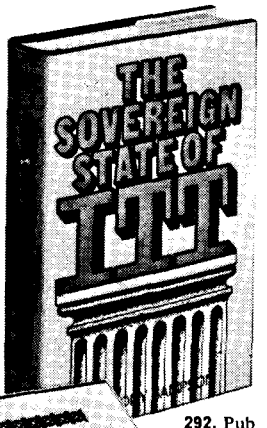

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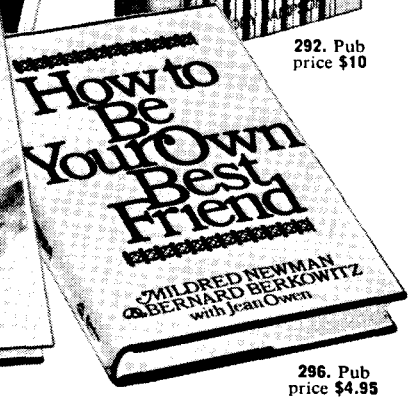

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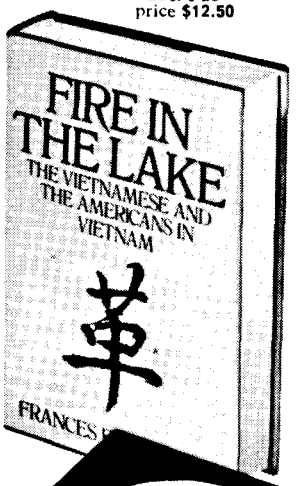

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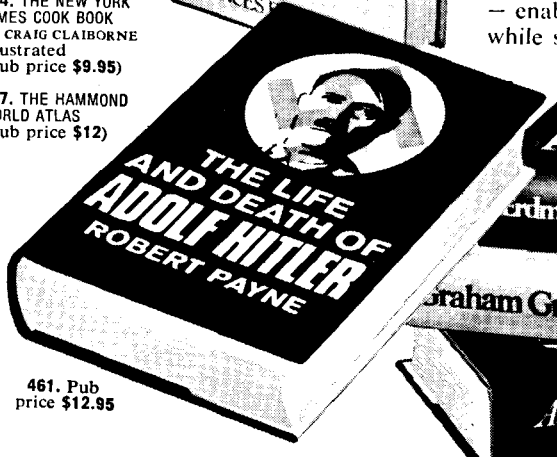

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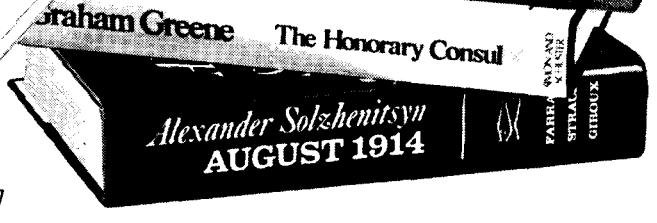

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Promoting The Dream: World Peace Through Law

Abidjan, Ivory Coast

Lawyers are a little like the missionaries who used to come this way in such abundance, convinced that heaven on earth was attainable through God. Both groups have a vested interest in a higher authority, in whose virtue they deeply believe. Lawyers are convinced that heaven on earth can, somehow, be attained by mass conversion to the perfect deity they call the Law.

Recently some 2000 lawyers from 125 countries assembled here for a meeting to which was given the rather soaring title Conference for World Peace Through Law. This was the sixth such conference in the past ten years, and a large proportion of the participants were noted jurists, high court judges, and senior government officials. The general ease with which they dealt with one another showed that, though the laws of nations differ enormously from one another, the lawyers scarcely differ at all. Indeed, the conference suggested that there is a legal culture, and its luminaries—like missionaries engaged in a religious rite—were persuaded that their work here possessed eternal meaning.

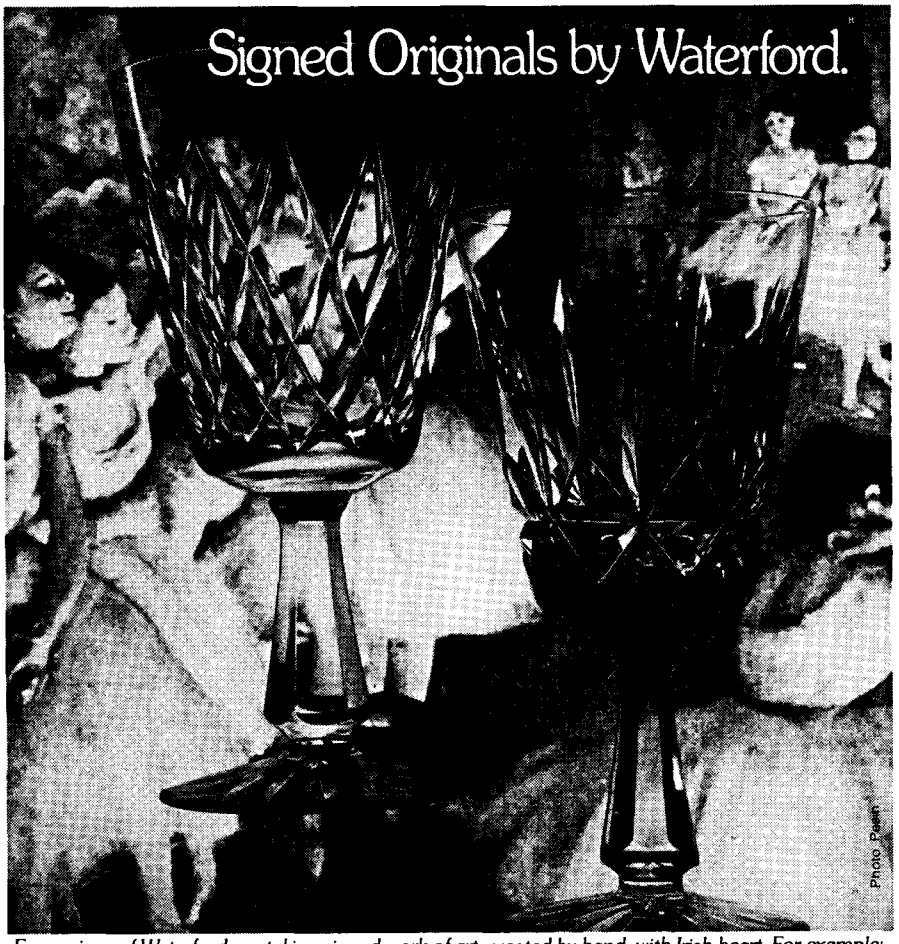
The idea they were promoting was that the peace of the world—which, in more banal terms, might be described as international law and order—could, most realistically, be achieved by building a global structure of treaties and conventions, along with a recognized judicial system for enforcing them. Scarcely a word was heard throughout the four-day meeting of yesteryear's dream, world federalism. This was a group that took pride in its practical approach, and the future it saw was not a world of majority rule but of sovereign countries pursuing their self-interest unsentimentally. If these men and women had a dream, it was a lawyer's dream of an international society in which relations are governed by binding contracts between consenting and accountable nation-states.

But the conference, as if to show it was without illusion, focused this year on a retreat from the dream. Africa was specifically chosen this year because it was judged the most appropriate site for the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration —or, as some suggested, the wake—of the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Former Chief Justice Earl Warren, a symbol to the assembled lawyers of a commitment to the declaration's principles, conceded in his opening address to a "sense of impatience at the slow progress toward the goals it proclaims." Warren's unconcealed purpose at the conference was to build an international lawyers' lobby to promote a legal commitment to human rights around the world.

Warren's message, however, was almost unrelievedly doleful. He acknowledged that the principles of the declaration have been written into the constitutions of some two dozen postcolonial states and have become a standard for the United Nations' efforts in behalf of further decolonization. "Yet not one of us, if he looks with a clear and honest eye," Warren said solemnly, "can fail to see close at home as well as in distant places far too many manifestations of man's inhumanity to man. . . . There is constant resort to rhetoric and legalisms as the substitute for constructive action."

Warren pointed out that, though sixteen treaties based on the declaration have been adopted by the United Nations, barely 20 percent of the potential of governmental ratifications has followed. Only three—two anti-slavery conventions and the genocide convention—have been ratified by more than half the states. "Fifty-nine states have ratified only two or less," he added. "I regret to say my own country appeared on this sadly long list of fifty-nine. Fortunately, we escaped being among the fourteen states that ratified none. . . . That is more than a sad record; it is a disgraceful one." After twenty-five years of exposing the world to the principles of human rights, Warren concluded, "it would be reasonable to expect a period of progress lies ahead. The present prospects, sadly, are quite the contrary."

However discouraging Warren's forecast for human rights in opening the conference, the delegates went on to attack a series of lesser legal questions constructively and, on the whole, with notable zest. Generally, these were questions on which international consensus exists, not necessarily as to specific provisions of law but as to the desirability, from the perspective of each nation's self-interest, of



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having a legal structure to avert more acrimonious forms of dispute.

To this end, separate panels studied the implications of laws to control drugs, exchange patents, supervise multinational businesses, monitor computers, restrict pollution, and regulate country-to-country broadcasting. These objectives require in some cases the negotiation of international treaties; in others, the modification of domestic law. In general, the working papers and the discussion, though often boring and even fatuous, were probably useful additions to current international legal dialogue.

It was only when the consensus was clearly absent that the conference fell into disarray and the delegates surrendered their dignity as lawyers. That's when the conference ceased being a forum for carefully defined legal argument and became an arena of political passion. To be sure, the law being a social instrument, every legal question has its political implications. But nations prefer composing their differences to fighting over, say, pollution and drugs. Not so, at least to the principals involved, for a set of laws relating to the treatment of refugees and to the control of international terror and hijacking. Though these are subjects that theoretically lend themselves as nicely as any other on the conference agenda to legal consideration, they are integrally embedded in the Mideast struggle—and hence become life-and-death matters resolvable only in angry confrontation.

The battle began early in the week, with the panel on international terrorism. Marut Bunnag, a distinguished lawyer from Thailand, presented a scholarly working paper that, innocently enough, started with the premise that international terror was criminal and ended with a series of prudent, lawyerlike proposals for the apprehension and prosecution of terrorists. Fouad B. Atalla, the former minister of justice of Jordan, immediately countered with the assertion that terror must not be punished without reference to its causes—and the current cause of international terror is Israel's occupation of Arab lands. Yoram Dinstein, a professor from the University of Tel-Aviv Law School, replied that terrorists are the privateers of our era and that privateering was outlawed by the world community a century ago. From there the debate never really returned to the consideration of terrorism within the structure of contemporary international law.

(*Continued on page 68.*)

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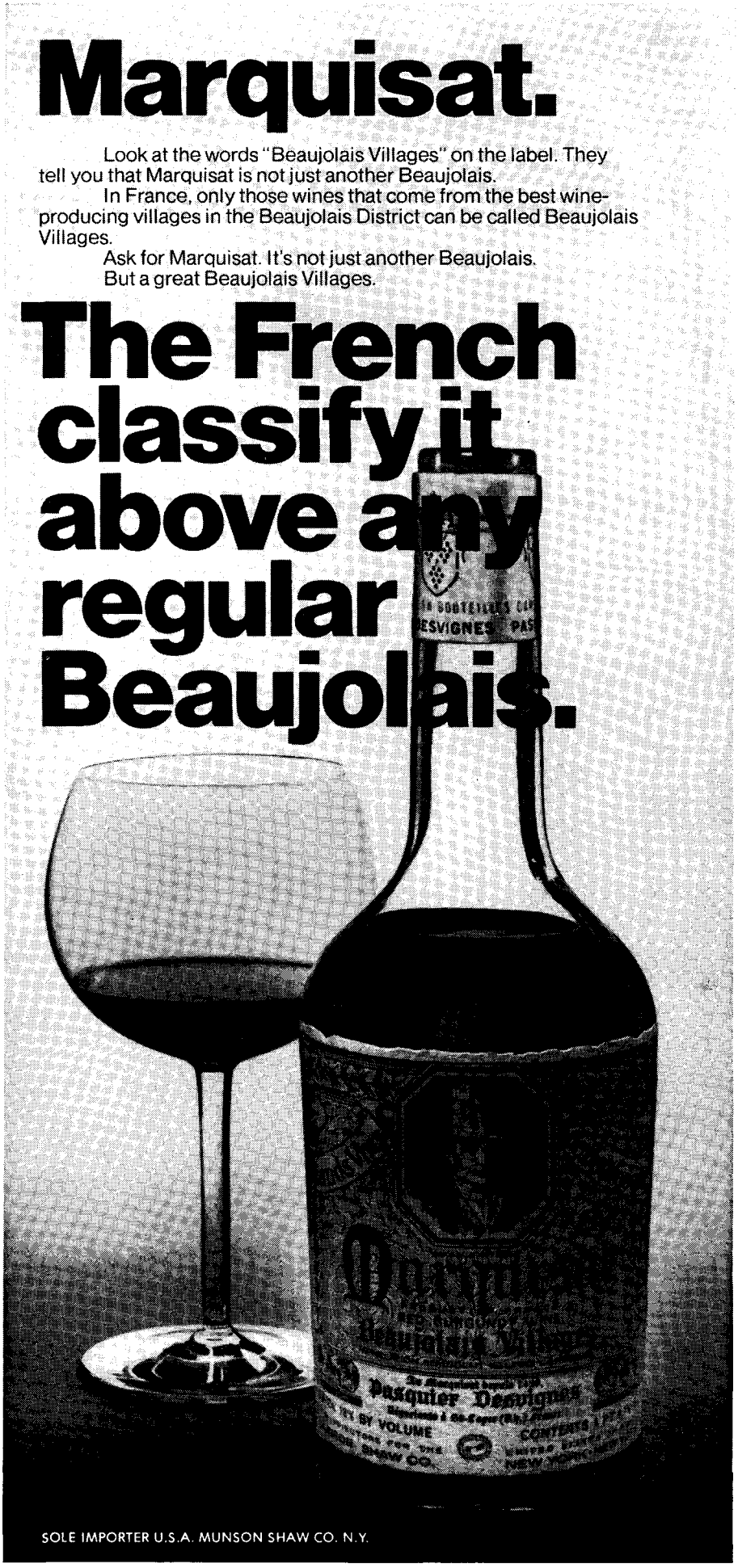

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Inner Peace—Who Needs It!

If you are having trouble attaining inner peace during these excruciating times, you might take the advice of one who has at last found tranquility by acquiring inner turmoil.

Contrary to books written, lectures delivered, psychoanalyses couched, inner peace doesn't make it. In the first place, it is too demanding, requiring concentrated meditation and heavy communion, torturously twisted pretzel-wise in the leg-breaking lotus position.

And where does inner peace get you? In the back, that's where it gets you.

On the other hand, conditions are now rife for latching on to inner turmoils. The streams of consciousness are full to overflowing with them, and not a day goes by that you can't come up with a catch that will fill a creel with turmoils this long.

You don't have to cast your line any farther than your TV set. The "new" television season has only just begun, and already there is on this desk a pile of letters decrying the bevy, the flock, the herd, the pride, the spate of commercials that continually interrupt all programs. The letters are written with commendable ire and irk, and not a few should have been mailed in plain brown paper. They forecast for TV viewers a hoard of inner turmoil more abundant than nuts for the squirrels.

But nuts to the squirrels. Viewers venting venom—that's the way to go. Inner peace won't wipe out or smooth the wrinkles of a day or whisk away the ring around the collar of your psyche. When you go to bed humming "Doublemint, Doublemint, Doublemint chewing gum," you will be happy to know you are in the first stages of inner turmoil.

Many years ago, on a radio program, Gracie Allen asked George Burns to explain the Einstein theory of relativity. "It's like this," said George. "A fellow can kiss a girl for an hour, and it would seem to him like one minute. But if the fellow sits on a hot stove for a minute, it seems like an hour." And Gracie said, "From that Einstein makes a living?"

No, he didn't. But there are those who do make a very good living out of it. They are the TV networks and all the unaffiliated channels. The famous theory of time and space based on the two postulates of the laws of physics is violated every time a TV personality interrupts a program to say, "We'll be back in a minute, but first this word."

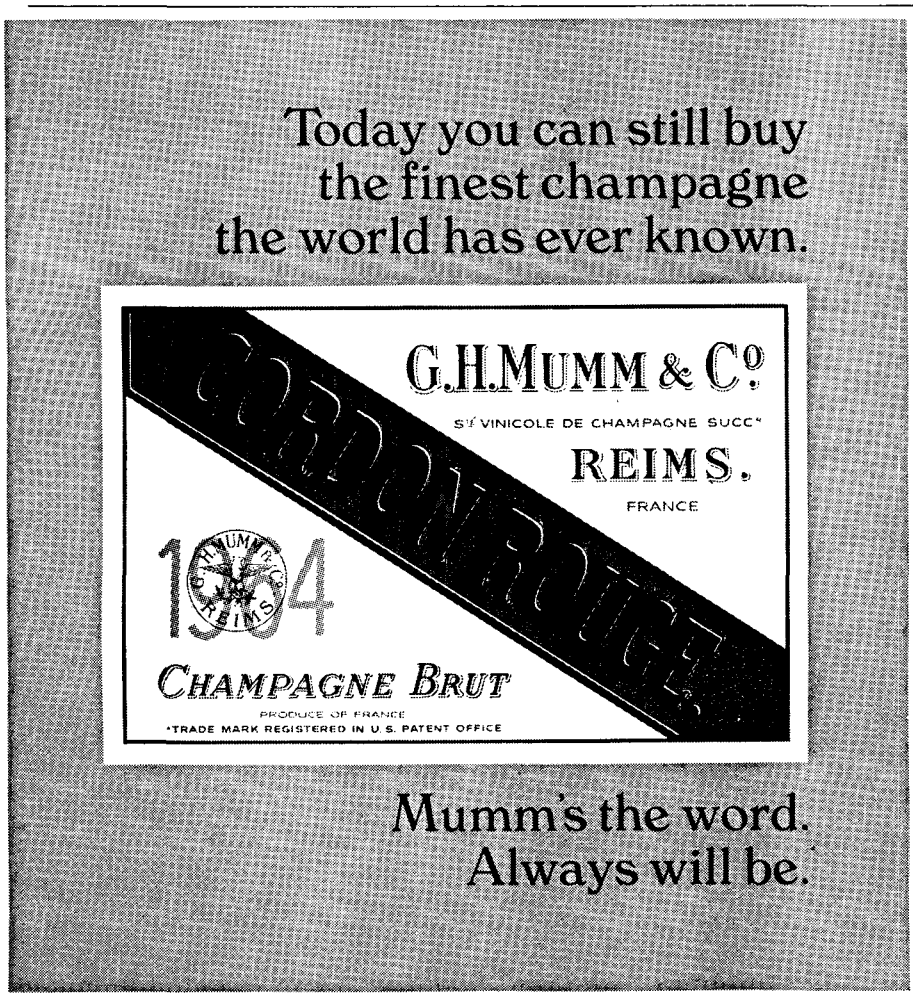
Two gross misrepresentations, a double-whammy inner turmoil. First, to sell the bevy, the flock, the herd, etc., etc., of commercials that tumble out at us in *non sequitur* sequence takes more than "a word." Needs a torrent of words. And as for that "minute" he promises to be back in, to him it may seem like a minute, but to the restive, beleaguered viewers it's interminable.

TO EACH HIS OWN pet-hate commercial. I have two. One is the attractive woman who tells me that if I've got my health, I've got just about everything. She says she and her husband don't have a barrel of money, but they do have their health. She drinks Geritol. And she's got her husband hooked on the stuff, too. At three bucks a bottle, it's obvious why they don't have a barrel of money.

The second is the athletic-type gentleman who swims toward me across his pool and announces that I won't believe it, but he is wearing a hairpiece, and I should notice that it stayed on while he was swimming. "I wouldn't mislead you about it," he says, "and for a very good reason. I am the president of the company."

Now, *there* is a corollary to foment enough inner turmoil to curl the very roots of your heartbreak of psoriasis. After that one I was in bed for a week with an overdose of inner turmoil.

CAUTION: See your doctor for the amount of inner turmoil your system can tolerate. Or first, look at your shiny dinner plate, and if you can't see your reflection, *then* see your doctor. □



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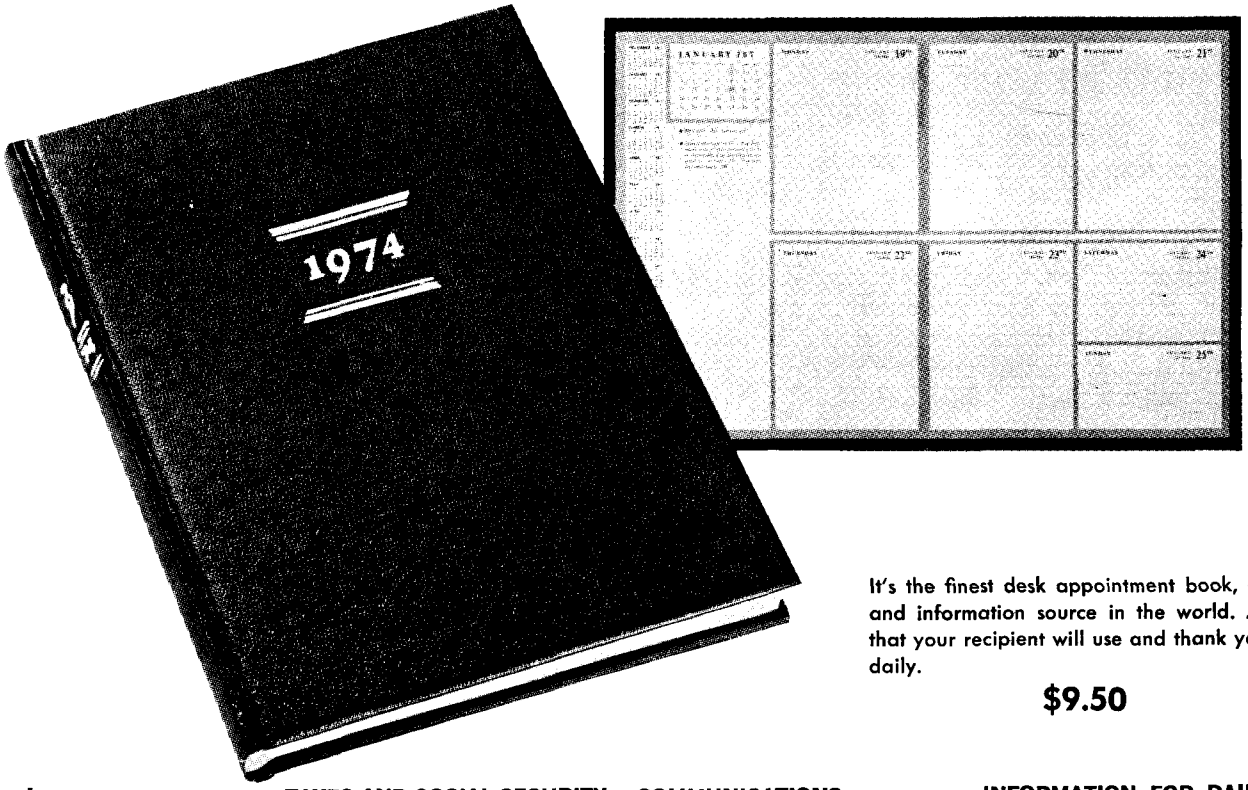

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CHAOS AT SEA

Ardent internationalists are saying that without new rules governing use of the seas, armed conflict is inevitable.

SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD *begins in this issue a series of articles focusing on three problem areas that so far defy international solution: the mining of the seabed, ocean pollution, and the thorny issue of world fishing rights. Below, science writer Alan Anderson introduces the general subject, interviews Malta's Arvid Pardo, and explores "the rape of the seabed."*

Man traditionally has regarded the sea as vast, mysterious, and wet. No one questions its wetness, but the size and mystery of it all seem to be evaporating. Aquanauts have discovered that they can live like fishes on the sea floor for months at a time, and deep-diving submersibles routinely explore the abyssal plains. As man overcrowds and overexploits dry land, nations already are beginning to bruise elbows in their rush to corner marine food supplies, natural resources, and sheer space. Governments are quarreling over fishing grounds, rights of passage, mineral resources, pollution control, and scientific exploration.

The world finds itself threatened by this tangle of problems with sobering suddenness. As recently as 1958 the Geneva Convention on the Territorial Sea failed to recognize how rapidly man would expand his domain offshore. The alert was not really sounded until 1967, when a genial but determined diplomat from Malta named Arvid Pardo proclaimed that "the known resources of the seabed are far greater than the resources known to exist on land." In a 3½-hour speech to the General Assembly, Pardo, who was Malta's ambassador to the United Nations from 1964 until 1971, argued persuasively that ocean technology was outstripping ocean politics at a dangerous rate. His words were greeted at first by skepticism bordering on suspicion (why was he bringing this up now?), but he was dead serious. Within a few months Pardo was being called "father of the seabed" and had succeeded in introducing the idea that a new age was dawning. More specifically, he warned that man would quickly have to formulate new rules for uses of the ocean if he was to avoid widespread warfare.

The direct result of Pardo's speech was the creation of an *ad hoc* U.N. committee, which in 1969 became a permanent committee to study peaceful uses of the sea. Most important, the United Nations was persuaded to hold a Law of the Sea Conference in 1973 aimed at writing an international treaty. Last summer ninety-two nations spent two months in Geneva, thrashing through a maelstrom of proposals, counterproposals, and just plain objections; the committee, expected to swell to 150 members, hopes to hold its substantive session in Santiago next year.

Aside from the fact that this is the biggest committee in U.N. history, the points of view represented seem almost impossibly diverse. Among the 130 countries generally considered to make up the world community, 29 are completely landlocked, 51 have small coastlines, 25 have small-to-moderate coasts, and most of the 25 that have extensive coastlines are already affluent. Those with long sea frontage naturally would like to extend dominion seaward, while landlocked countries would prefer a strong international agency to assure even distribution of sea wealth.

Legally, the sea is a quagmire. Do the oceans and their wealth belong to everyone (*res communis*) or to no one (*res nullius*)? Most people say neither, but the proportions remain to be worked out. Modern nations can no longer be as high-handed as were Spain and Portugal in 1494 when they divided the world's oceans equally along a north-south line through the Cape Verde Islands. The concept of *res communis* first appeared in 1608, when Dutch jurist Hugo Grotius argued that the sea, like the air, is not subject to appropriation. However, by 1700, men were making a distinction between "high seas" and "territorial seas," and in the nineteenth century the latter limit was defined by the three-mile range of a cannon, the extent of land-based control by weapons.

Modern legal confusion dates from the 1945 Truman Proclamation. This vague doctrine asserted territorial rights to the limit of the continental shelf. Unfortunately, the shelf was not only ill-defined but also geologically capricious: For example, while Peru has practically no shelf, Siberia presides over 800 miles of shallow—and potentially mineral rich—undersea terrain. Thus by 1952 Peru, Chile, and Ecuador, all practically shelfless, had announced total sovereignty over a belt within 200 miles of shore. Such claims are obviously impractical in the cases of island groups and seas such as the Mediterranean and Caribbean. Hence some sort of compromise must be reached, perhaps involving a 12-mile "territorial sea" and a 200-mile "patrimonial sea." The former would be a zone of near-complete control; for example, foreign submarines would be granted free passage only while they are surfaced. The latter zone would involve primarily fishing and mineral rights.

Within this issue is the ticklish question of rights of passage through the world's 116 major navigable straits. Naval powers like the United States, Russia, and Japan will sacrifice almost anything to obtain guaranteed passage for tankers, freighters, and warships. If controlling nations closed only three key straits in Southeast Asia, for example (Makassar, Malacca, and Torres), raw materials for Japan would have to pass all the way around Tasmania—a displacement that would force dramatic changes in the value of the yen and ultimately in the entire world monetary balance.

The other question that must be resolved is the nature of the controlling regime. Most of the developing and landlocked nations want a strong international agency that will prevent industrial states from taking control. Developed nations want a freer hand, with individual states holding licenses to mineral and hydrocarbon rights. The answer could be a "cosmo-corporation" along the lines of Intelsat, the international consortium of

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eighty-two nations that regulates commercial satellite use.

Many observers are pessimistic about the ability of the Law of the Sea Conference to reach agreement on such basic issues, especially since some less-developed but mineral-rich countries would rather negotiate bilaterally. "If I were an LDC and didn't have access yet to my own mineral resources, what would I do at a conference like that?" asks one economist. "I'd stonewall it." Nonetheless, U.N. officers hope that once the two big questions of territorial sovereignty and the international regime can be worked out, the smaller details will quickly fall into place. Dr. Pardo, who worked in the United Nations since its formation in 1945 and is now at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars in Washington, agreed to summarize his feelings about the conference—and the issues—for SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD:

"I think most people are finally realizing that we are involved in a revolution in our uses of ocean space. In the face of this revolution, traditional law of the sea has almost totally collapsed. That is why in 1967 I began to push the idea that the seabed be considered the common heritage of mankind and that an international organization be set up to administer the uses of the sea. The resources should be developed to benefit all men, and the financial benefits used primarily for the developing countries.

"Let me say that I was thought a total madman when I made the speech. They said I was indulging in science fiction, that estimates of mineral wealth on the sea floor were immense exaggerations, and that nothing would happen for decades that would require the attention of the United Nations. Well, the ocean policy that the United States presented in 1970 turned out to be a fairly close elaboration of what I had said in 1967.

"Even this concept is no longer viable. One can't consider the seabed separately from the rest of ocean space. We are running out of room on land. I see a trend of transferring human activity into the oceans—both to avoid congestion along the coasts and to relieve pollution. Cities are being planned off Hawaii and in the North Sea. The Dutch, the Belgians, the Japanese are already moving toward offshore facilities. The Dutch want an artificial island to recycle wastes. They also say, instead of re-doing the port of Rotterdam for supertankers, why not have a deep-water port offshore? Once you

Pardo—"Genial but determined . . ."

have a port or a refinery, why not small industry? Why not nuclear power plants? Why not housing for the people who work at these facilities? The whole thing grows like Topsy once it starts. The military will want submarine bases in undersea mountainsides. We will be tempted to change the weather, divert ocean currents. Russia and Canada both intend to divert huge rivers that now flow northward: What will this do to the climate? These schemes are frighteningly dangerous but perfectly legal now.

"The present law is based upon two concepts: sovereignty and freedom. There is national sovereignty in territorial waters, freedom beyond. We also have various zones for fisheries, security, mining. There is no consensus on limits; so every state has been doing what it wishes. There must be an agreement that we can't have total sovereignty, for that would mean total chaos. Nor can we have total freedom, for the same reason.

"What I would like is a new international agency to sort out these questions. It should not be part of the United Nations, for it would then sink into the swamp of what the United Nations has become. Nor should it be a rival to the United Nations. It must be a parallel agency, founded on different foundations. We are no longer in 1945. We are getting on to 1975, and the world has changed. We cannot have an international system based upon the system of one nation, one vote. The way things stand, you can get a voting majority at the U.N. from states that represent ten percent of the world's population; you can get a two-thirds majority with states representing less than fourteen percent of the population. This is ridiculous.

"The agency would have three categories of member states, all of which must have a population over one hundred thousand. First, states that have more than one hundred million population or meet six of nine criteria, such as length of coastline, catch of fish, and volume of merchant shipping. Second, all other coastal states. Third, landlocked countries. A decision by the agency would require a majority in two of the three categories. Everybody would have one vote, but they would have to express it in the category in which they belong.

"The regime should be concerned with all problems associated with the sea. It should establish international standards for the use of the sea, whether within or outside national jurisdiction. The outside area should be administered for the benefit of the international community as a whole, taking into particular account the needs of poor countries. The system should take on such tasks as pollution monitoring, fisheries management, and the settlement of disputes. Someday we will need another agency like it to deal with outer space.

"Whatever kind of regime the United Nations adopts, the details will have to be worked out in Santiago. By the standards of the United Nations, we made fantastic progress over the summer in Geneva compared with last year. There's been a fantastic amount of movement, of putting out draft treaties. What has not started yet is serious negotiating, which is understandable. You don't get governments to focus on this question on a high political level until they have to.

"Once the conference starts, we shall really have to move. Next year we shall complete, at best, consideration of the alternative draft treaties. The crunch will come in the second half of '75 or the beginning of '76. If there is no agreement by '76, the conference will fail. Why? Because technology will not wait. By then, manganese nodules, for example, will have become big business.

"If the conference fails, there will be not only the obvious short-term chaos, such as nodule filching and the Iceland fishing dispute, but also rather serious long-term implications for the world community. They will become apparent after ten or fifteen years, not more. Once states have a technology, especially a powerful technology, they will go ahead and use it and the devil take the hindmost. That is the way the world has always operated. If there is no regime for controlling that technology, the rich will get richer. The developing countries, the ones without the technology, will, as usual, be the ones to suffer." □

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The Rape of the Seabed

Advanced nations would like to play "winner take all," but poorer countries are also demanding a share of the vast underwater oil and mineral cache.

By Alan Anderson

The benign neglect of the sea floor is coming to an end. Man has discovered riches in the continental shelves and abyssal plains, and he aims to get at them. Until recently the 150 million square miles that lie beneath the seas had not yet received much attention from man, aside from a rather persistent habit of "deep-sixing" a fabulous variety of human and industrial garbage, tangled cables, wasted ships, and roughly a million tons of unexploded ordnance. Now at least part of the picture is changing rapidly.

Since World War II the boom in oceanography and a virtual revolution in geological thinking have resulted in a picture of the world's oceans unimagined even by professionals in the field. They are beginning to see not only that hard minerals and petroleum abound under the sea but also how they got there. Knowing this, it is for the first time possible to search for undersea riches in something more than a random fashion.

There is, of course, a problem: Given the ability to find these mineral riches, and even to retrieve them, who is the rightful owner? The technologically advanced nations would like to play winner take all and, indeed, are uniquely capable of exploiting seabed caches. On the other hand, poorer nations are also demanding a slice of the underwater pie, promoting the notion that such wealth is part of "the common heritage of mankind." They warn against attempts by the sea powers at any sort of undersea ripoff, speaking ominously of countermoves such as the restriction of fishing and navigation rights. The United States in particular has stirred up considerable resentment because of the aggressive attitude—and action—taken by American mining companies. In fact, a ship built to secret specifications by Howard Hughes set sail in August to begin experimental mining, presumably in the Pacific Ocean, far in advance of any sort of international agreement.

While other companies wait for legislation that would protect them against intervention by other companies or other countries, they are no less eager to begin the harvest. It is not hard to understand their impatience: High-grade mineral resources are becoming scarce in this country, as are petroleum reserves. "The United States," insists Ian MacGregor, chairman of American Metal Climax, Inc., "is turning into a minerals-poor nation." Demand for hard minerals doubled over the last twenty years, and predictions say it will double again in twenty-five years. Yet in 1970 this country had to pay $8.6 billion to foreign countries for minerals and petroleum it could not produce domestically. Hence the mining industry is arguing strenuously that free access to seabed resources would not only assure a supply of strategically important metals now controlled by foreign governments but would also correct a painful balance of payments disadvantage.

In an effort to mitigate this new kind of ugly Americana, the official policy of the country, as presented to the preliminary Law of the Sea Conference in Geneva in August, is to create an international regime to control mining through the United Nations. Such a regime, according to the plan, would tax mining operations according to complex formulas. Revenues could bring the United Nations some $6 billion a year that could be applied to keeping the peace, protecting the environment, and aiding poor countries. Best of all, the United Nations would no longer have to depend on voluntary contributions subject to the whimsey of changing governments. The prematurely aging institution would gain sorely needed power and stature.

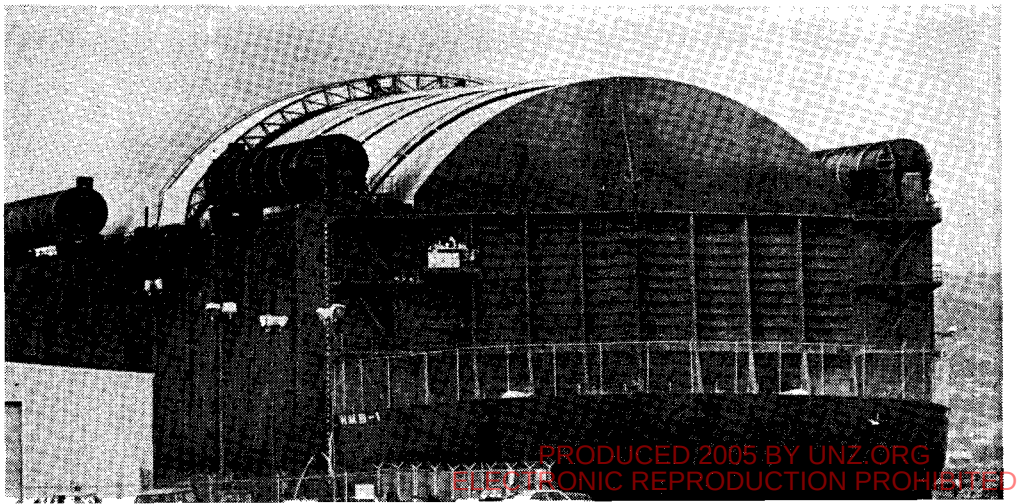
Geologically, the stakes of this game may conveniently be divided into two categories: petroleum and hard minerals. Petroleum is more familiar as a resource problem, one that is being fanned by a few Arab leaders who see our shortages as the key to forcing change in American-Mideast policy. According to a U.N. report, some 2272 billion barrels of offshore oil may offer the most immediate escape from this coercion.

More recently discovered is the wealth now locked in an assortment of "hard" minerals, particularly in potato-shaped manganese nodules lying loose on the bottom of most of the world's oceans. Estimates of quantity vary wildly, from 90 to 1600 billion tons in the north Pacific alone. So do ultimate recovery costs and market values, although the best guess seems to be that the nodules will sell for something like $115 a ton. As Larry Fabian of the Brookings Institution says, "There is really no hard economics in this business yet."

Even soft economics seems to be enough for the mining companies. Manganese nodules were discovered during the historic oceanographic expedition of H. M. S. *Challenger*, 1872–76, but their abundance was not appreciated until a decade ago. In 1965 a book appeared

Alan Anderson writes about science for Time *magazine.*

Assault barge—Howard Hughes is reported to be preparing this huge barge for submersion to the ocean floor, where it will dig for copper, nickel, and manganese. UPI



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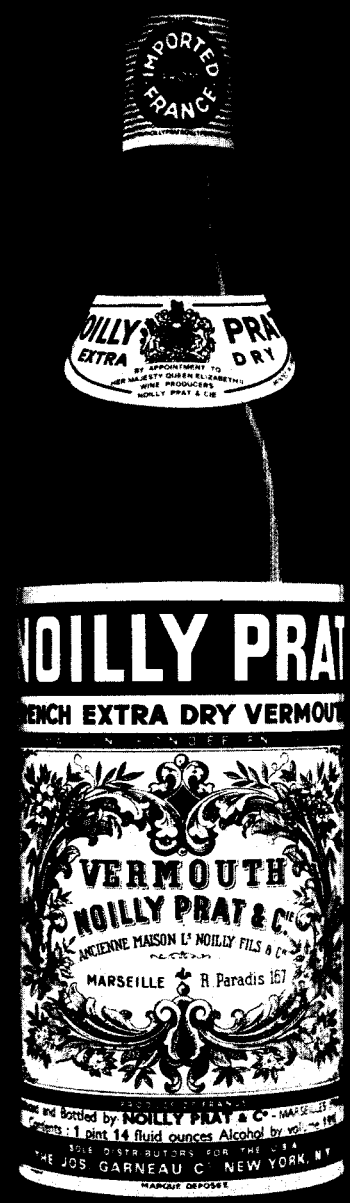
34 words on the Noilly Prat martini by W. Somerset Maugham.



"Noilly Prat is a necessary component of a dry martini. Without it you can make a side car, a gimlet, a white lady, or a gin and bitters, but you cannot make a dry martini."

"Points of View", 1958

Don't stir without Noilly Prat

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The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France.

This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco.

There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her.

Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned".

So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

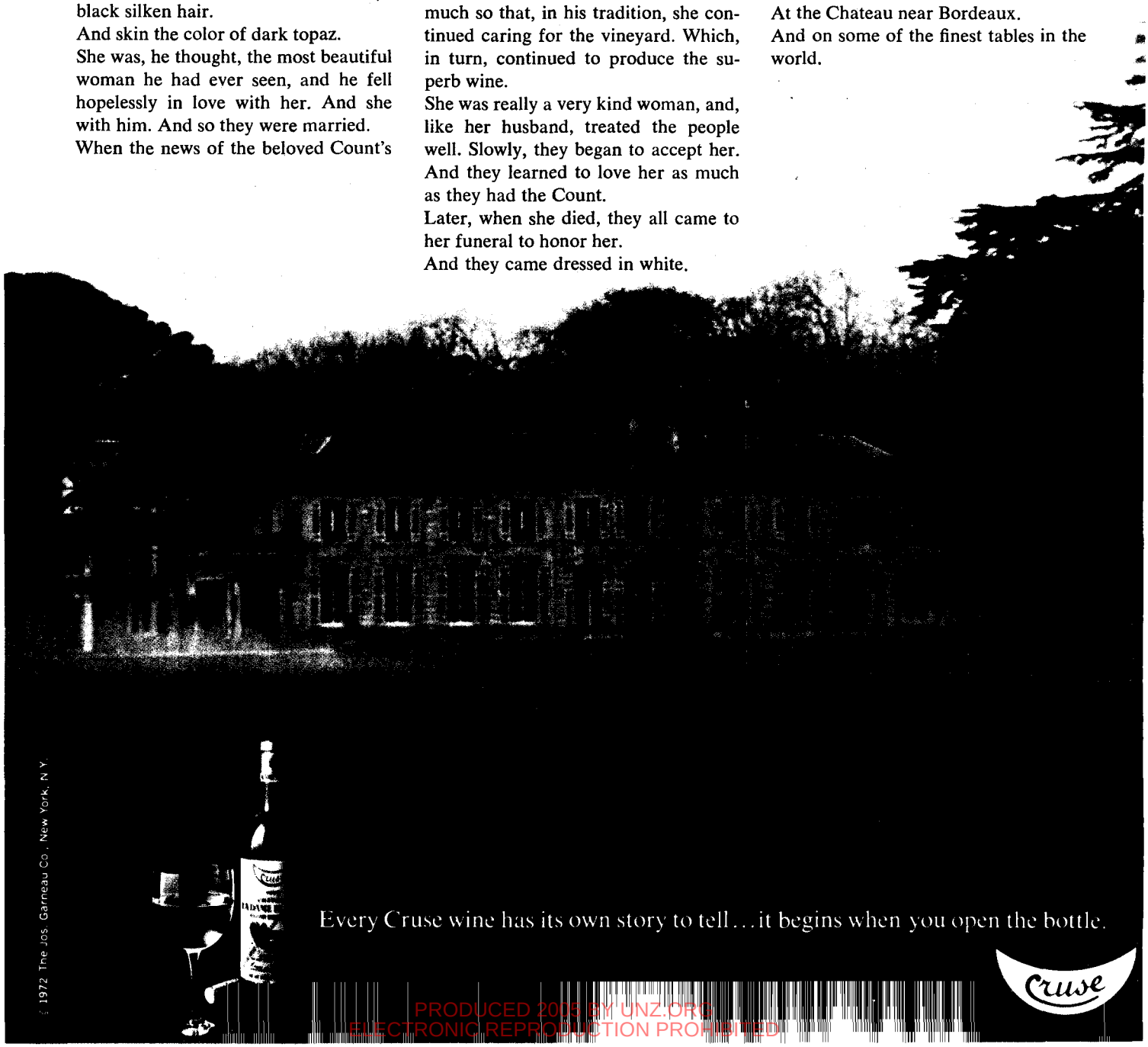
Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France.

As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in the world.



Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottle.

Cruse

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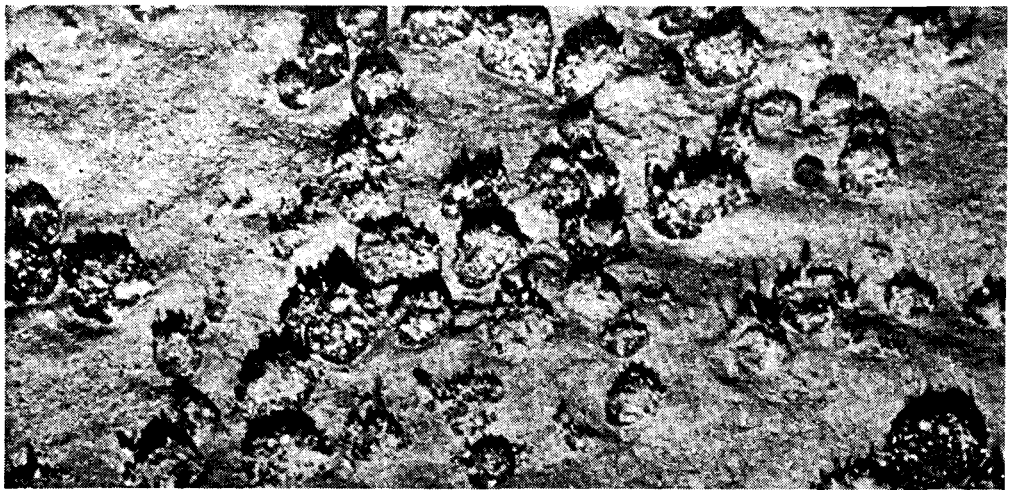
called *Mineral Resources of the Sea* by John Mero, which carried astounding resource estimates that inspired a number of companies to gear up for what seemed to be the coming sea-floor bonanza. Mero has since become quite wealthy as a consultant, and his early estimates have been toned down a bit; but *nodule* is still a magic word for marine technologists. These golf-ball-sized blackish lumps may be found from Scottish lochs to Lake Michigan, but the mother lode seems to be a 12-million-square-kilometer triangle southeast of Hawaii, where they occur in densities of two pounds per square foot.

Manganese nodules are thought to form as precipitates around a "seed," such as a grain of rock, a bit of red clay, or even a shark's tooth or whale's ear bone. Although a single nodule may contain more than thirty different metals, miners are chiefly after the cobalt, nickel, copper, and manganese, in that order. In the case of the United States, this is easy to understand: We import 92 percent of our cobalt, 84 percent of our nickel, 98 percent of our manganese, and, even though we are the world's largest copper producer, 19 percent of our copper. The first three are in great demand by steelmakers —cobalt and nickel for forming superalloys when blended with iron and manganese for processing.



Deepsea Ventures, Inc.

Manganese nodules—"A magic word for marine technologists . . ."

DESPITE THE DIFFICULTY of raking the sea floor from three miles above, the job may still be easier than land mining, with its "railroads to nowhere" and other transport problems. The prospects have already whetted mining appetites not only in the United States but also in France, Germany, Japan, Canada, Australia, and the Soviet Union; two dozen other countries have shown interest. At this point there seem to be enough nodules for all. The prime resource area in the Pacific is thought to be rich enough to support 100 simultaneous mining operations for 200 years—even though a single mine, to be economical, would have to comprise some 4000 square miles, versus 100 on land.

The American effort to mine the sea floor is being led by a handful of private companies, particularly the Kennecott Copper Corporation, Tenneco's Deepsea Ventures, Inc., and Howard Hughes's Summa Corporation. Together they have invested about $100 million. Deepsea has processed more than 100 tons of nodules in a pilot plant in Virginia and says that it could handle a million tons a year by 1975 or 1976. The 618-foot vessel launched by Hughes in August is said to be capable, in tandem with a 324-foot submersible barge, of retrieving some five tons of nodules a day from the plains of the deep sea. The companies are eager, like technological white knights, to save the country from its mineral woes. "We are ready," says N. W. Freeman of Deepsea Ventures, "to go commercial."

There is one snag, however: The U.S. government is unable, and unwilling, to assure the mining companies that their multimillion-dollar investments will be safe. The American Mining Congress is fighting hard for a bill introduced in both houses of Congress that would give them this assurance—and more. Under the bill any "qualified" company could secure a claim to blocks of ocean floor 40,000 kilometers square—an area larger than Vermont and New Hampshire combined—plus a commitment by Uncle Sam to underwrite any losses during the next forty years, all for only $5000. The bill, introduced in the Senate by Sen. Lee Metcalf of Montana and in the House by Rep. Thomas Downing of Virginia, so blatantly favors the mining lobby that even Metcalf admits it is really intended not so much for passage as to spur the government into some kind of action.

If such a giant land grab did get under way, there would be global confusion, almost certainly accompanied by violence. Metcalf concedes publicly that those nations without marine technology would be left high and dry. A natural reaction on their part would be to start a land grab of their own—most likely a claim of a territorial jurisdiction of 200 miles for fishing and navigation as well as mineral rights. It is easy to visualize an escalation of competing claims, infringement disputes, and the use of armed gunboats. Furthermore, a number of developing nations whose economies depend on metal exports would suffer if world markets were suddenly swelled by huge new sources. A mere handful of nodule mining operations, for example, could equal the current world production of cobalt. A mineral-rich country such as Zaïre would certainly suffer.

Legally, the bill is on soft ground or no ground at all. Unfortunately, the 1958 Geneva Convention on the Territorial Sea did not really deal with the sea beyond depths of 200 meters; there was then no idea that this region would ever be useful or disputed. The first relevant precedent was the 1970 U.N. resolution, passed 108 to 0 in the General Assembly, with fourteen Soviet-bloc abstentions, that the deep seabed could not be appropriated by any nation. Last March ex-Secretary of State Dean Rusk said that the mining proposal was "sheer insanity," and Lyndon Johnson, when he was President, wrote: "Under no circumstances, we believe, must we ever allow the prospects of a rich harvest in mineral wealth from the seabed to create a new form of colonial competition among the maritime nations." At present, the administration is silent on the bill—a tactic viewed less as tacit approval than as cagey willingness to use it as a bargaining weapon in Santiago.

The miners are fit to be tied at the delay. The American Mining Congress, a lobbying group, complains that the President promised three years ago some form of interim legislation that would allow U.S. companies to maintain their

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technological lead over other countries. C. H. Burgess, vice president for exploration at Kennecott, warned a Senate committee last year that firms needed "certain assurances of a legal regime" before risking "large sums—$150–300 million—for a commercial plant." An exchange at the same hearing between Senator Metcalf and T. S. Ary of the Mining Congress revealed the sense of camaraderie and unreality that pervaded the discussion:

ARY: If the United Nations Seabed Committee continues at its present slow rate, it is unlikely that a treaty will be ratified in this decade, if ever, and certainly long after the immediate necessity for a legal regime has passed.

METCALF: If you will pardon me, I would say you should change that word *decade* to *centuries*.

ARY: Our committee discussed that, and we thought we should put *decade* in there rather than *until eternity*.

METCALF: Well, you are more optimistic than I am.

Alaskan Sen. Ted Stevens, a cosponsor of the bill, further cited the OPEC and Chilean expropriations in recent years to illustrate what he called changing times. "We are living in a different world today, one in which the less developed nations are taking concerted action to strengthen their economic position and weaken ours."

While the nodules are the splashiest ocean-mineral issue, law of the sea debaters are quarreling over scores of others. Among hard minerals the biggest money-maker by far is ordinary gravel; over 100 million dollars' worth is scooped up each year for construction projects. Whole industries depend on the dredging of tin ($41 million a year), limestone ($36 million), sulphur ($26 million), diamonds ($4 million), iron sands ($4 million), and barium ore ($1 million). The United States alone collects 20 million tons of oyster shells each year to make cement and fertilizer. Rutile and ilmenite yield costly titanium, widely used in aerospace manufacturing.

In addition to dredging, more than 300 operations off sixty countries are earning over $400 million a year extracting minerals directly from sea water, especially salt, bromine compounds, and magnesium, and, to a smaller extent, potassium, calcium, and deuterium—a heavy form of hydrogen that someday will provide a virtually inexhaustible source of energy as the fuel for hydrogen-fusion reactors. More than 200 plants extract a mineral that is becoming increasingly scarce: fresh water. Finally, enterprising Russians are pursuing the age-old dream of gleaning gold from salt water. Scientists at the Irkutsk Institute of Rare Metals report successful culturing of a fungus that extracts 98 percent of the gold from some sea-water samples. Other scientists are skeptical of this biological sleight of hand. Nor has anyone found the key to better extraction through chemistry. One calculation indicates that by chemical means it would cost $50,000 to isolate the 200,000 dollars' worth of gold found in a cubic mile of sea water.

> "It may indeed be many years before nations can agree whether to compete for the riches of the sea in traditional, warlike fashion or to divide them peacefully."

THE MOST EXCITING NEWS for mineral seekers these days, however, has come straight out of basic geological research during the last decade. Geologists have demonstrated the astounding fact that the earth's crust is not as rigid as suspected but highly mobile, composed of a series of sliding "plates," which are created along oceanic ridges and consumed in oceanic trenches. Most important, the time lag between this discovery and its practical application has been breathtakingly short. Even as oceanographers were dredging up the muddy evidence for the theory of sea-floor spreading, they were hauling aboard the key to new mineral riches. Deep-sea drillers aboard the *Glomar Challenger* and other research ships have discovered that minerals tend to concentrate along the lines where earth crust is created (divergent boundaries) and consumed (convergent boundaries). The most important find so far are some hot brines at the bottom of the Red Sea, rich in iron, manganese, zinc, silver, copper, and gold. The Red Sea is a "baby ocean," slowly widening as molten rock from the earth's mantle rises to create new sea floor along the central seam. Three large pools along this seam are thought to contain more than 50 million tons of metal, worth some $2.5 billion. Economic metal lodes may also be found along older divergent plate boundaries, such as the Mid-Atlantic ridge.

The implications of sea-floor spreading and continental drift have not been lost on oilmen. It has become apparent that petroleum, like hard minerals, can be expected to occur along both divergent and convergent boundaries. In a baby ocean, for example, organic material from land is washed into the water. As water evaporates, layers of salt precipitate. The ocean broadens (the Atlantic was a baby ocean 100 to 200 million years ago), and sediment slowly covers the organic matter, which, by processes still not well understood, turns into petroleum. Drilling tests have already revealed encouraging layers of salt and organic mud in the Red Sea, for example, and on both sides of the Atlantic; petroleum has been found along the West African coast, and oil reserves off the eastern United States are now thought to far exceed those under Alaska's North Slope. Convergent boundaries, where plates grind together, are thought to be equally rich, including such regions as the South China Sea, the Sea of Okhotsk, the Bering Sea, the Philippines, and Japan.

Knowing all this, oil companies now estimate that offshore petroleum reserves are far greater than reserves on land. In 1956 only 1 percent of all our oil came from offshore wells; now it's up to 18 percent and is expected to reach 30 percent by 1995. The demand for offshore drilling rigs is now so great that many countries are unable to buy them. About 135 countries have prospects of discovering offshore petroleum; half of these are exploring, and half of *these* are already drilling.

The main problem offshore is that production costs increase more rapidly than depth. Expenses jump four times, for example, as depth drops from 33 to 330 meters; at greater depths it may be possible to tap only giant oil fields. Fortunately, of the 2272 billion barrels of petroleum estimated by the United Nations to exist offshore, some 1344 b.b.—over half—are buried in the continental shelves. These shelves are basically shallow-water extensions of the continents themselves, averaging forty-five miles in width and dipping to about 200 meters in depth. Therefore, much of this huge area is within commercial range already; one well is now pumping from a depth of 114 meters.

Such an ongoing black-gold rush makes it especially urgent that nations define seabed ownership rights. By the mid-Seventies oil drilling will pass fishing as the number-one oceanic revenue

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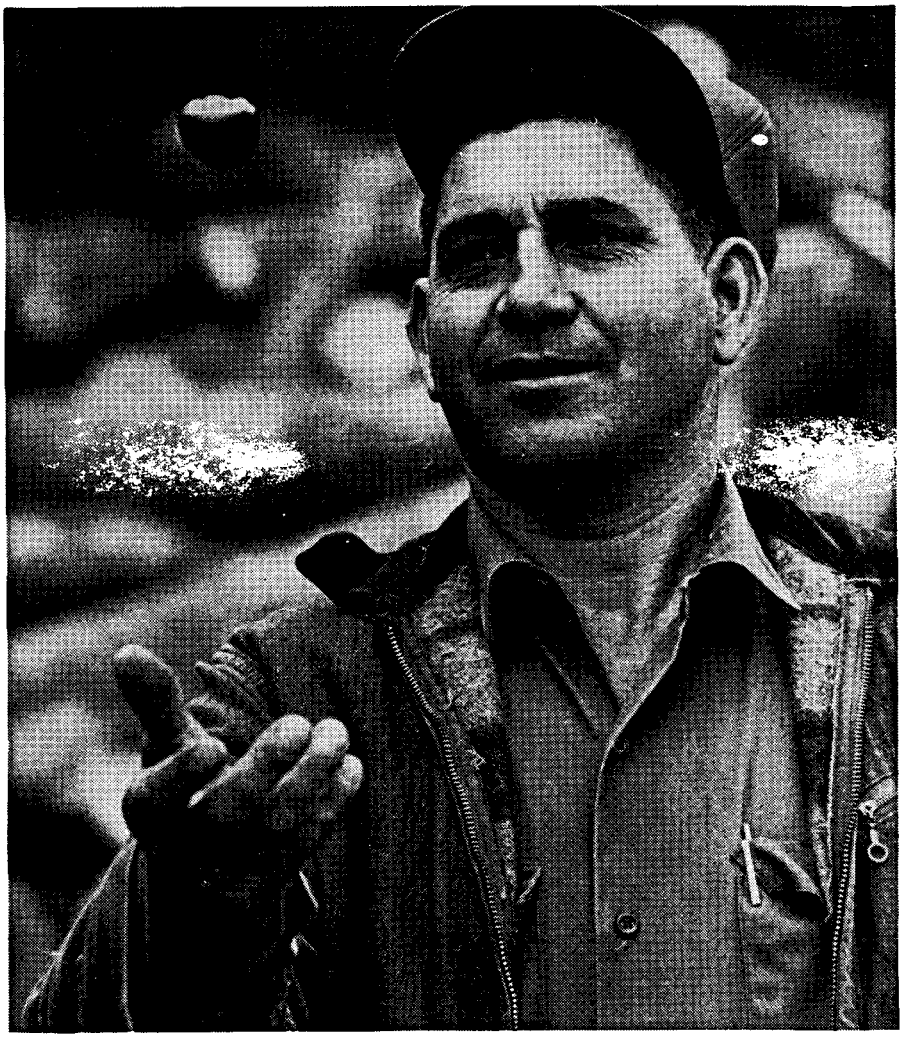
earner. Governments as well as private companies want the spoils: A single lease in the Santa Barbara Channel brought the Department of the Interior $600 million in revenue several years ago. Tremendous pressure to exploit oceanic oil is building up as Middle Eastern leaders claim more control of their oil fields and Alaskan wells remain capped. Because so many of the potential petroleum pools lie in areas of dispute, extraction without an international treaty would result in arguments over pollution as well as wealth. Unless some agreement is reached, the world is certain to see armed clashes as the energy crisis worsens. Venezuela and Colombia, for example, have more than once come close to blows over offshore oil near their common border.

Idealists see the hard-and-soft mineral quarrel as the ultimate opportunity for the application of international law. Others foresee a new age of neocolonial lawlessness of the type that led to the cynical division of Africa in the nineteenth century. The only workable course at present seems to be some sort of worldwide controlling regime. The United States Oceans Policy, announced by President Nixon in 1970, advocates creation of an International Seabed Area—covering everything deeper than 200 meters—controlled by an International Seabed Resources Authority with real power to license mining operations, arbitrate grievances, and levy fines of up to $1000 a day for pollution or other violations.

Perhaps the most radical feature of this plan is a complex formula to distribute profits among all nations, based on population and per capita income. For example, of a hypothetical revenue of $500 million that might be gathered by the end of this decade, Somalia ($61 per capita income) would get $384,500; Ceylon ($159 income) would get $1,717,000; and Brazil ($381 income) would get $12,567,500.

Between us and an agreeable ocean regime lies legal chaos. As John Dombroski writes in the *Cornell Law Review*, "The law of the seabed largely constitutes an area of no law." Precedents are vague or non-existent; each country has its own warring factions seeking different goals. Given the uncertain state of things, the chummy cynicism of Mr. Ary and Senator Metcalf may not be unrealistic after all. It may indeed be many years before nations can agree whether to compete for the riches of the sea in traditional, warlike fashion or to divide them peacefully. □



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"Uncle Will" and His South

One of today's finest novelists reappraises an American literary classic, "Lanterns on the Levee," and the extraordinary man who wrote it.

By Walker Percy

Upon my mother's death, in 1931, Will Percy adopted me and my two brothers and invited us to live with him in Mississippi. At the time what he did did not seem remarkable. What with youth's way of taking life as it comes—how else can you take it when you have no other life to compare it with?—and what with youth's incapacity for astonishment or gratitude, it did not seem in the least extraordinary to find oneself orphaned at sixteen and adopted by a bachelor-poet-lawyer-planter and living in an all-male household visited regularly by other poets, politicians, psychiatrists, sociologists, black preachers, folk singers, itinerant harmonica players. One friend came to seek advice on a book he wanted to write and stayed a year to write it. It was, his house, a standard stopover for all manner of people who were trying to "understand the South," that perennial American avocation, and whether or not they succeeded, it was as valuable to me to try to understand them as to be understood. The observers in this case were at least as curious a phenomenon as the observed.

To have lived with "Uncle Will," as we called him, as a raw youth from age fourteen to twenty-six, a youth whose only talent was a knack for looking and listening, for tuning in and soaking up, was nothing less than to be informed in the deepest sense of the word. What was to be listened to, dwelled on, pondered over, for the next thirty years was, of course, the man himself, the unique human being. And when I say unique, I mean it in its most literal sense: He was one of a kind; I never met anyone remotely like him. It was to encounter a complete, articulated view of the world as tragic as it was noble. It was to be introduced to Shakespeare, to Keats, to Brahms, to Beethoven—and unsuccessfully, it turned out, to Wagner, whom I never liked, though he dragged me every year to hear Flagstad sing Isolde—as one seldom if ever meets them in school.

"Now listen to this part," he would say as Gluck's *Orfeo* played, the old 78s not merely dropped from a stack by the monstrous Capehart, as big as a sideboard, but then picked up and turned over by an astounding hooplike arm, and you'd make the altogether unexpected discovery that music, of all things, can convey the deepest and most unnameable human feelings and give great pleasure in doing so.

Or: "Read this." And I'd read, or, better still, he'd read aloud, say, Viola's speech to Olivia in *Twelfth Night*:

> Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
> And call upon my soul within the house;
> . . . . . .
> And make the babbling gossip of the air
> Cry out "Olivia!"

"You see?" he'd as good as say; and what I'd begin to see, catch on to, was the great happy reach and play of the poet at the top of his form.

For most of us, the communication of beauty takes two, the teacher and the hearer, the pointer and the looker. The rare soul, the Wolfe or Faulkner, can assault the entire body of literature singlehandedly. I couldn't or wouldn't. I had a great teacher. The teacher points and says *look*; the response is *yes, I see*.

But he was more than a teacher. What he was to me was a fixed point in a confusing world. This is not to say I always took him for my true north and set my course accordingly. I did not. Indeed my final assessment of *Lanterns on the Levee* must register reservations as well as admiration. The views on race relations, for example, diverge from my own and have not been helpful, having, in my experience, played into the hands of those whose own interest in these matters is deeply suspect. But even when I did not follow him, it was usually in *relation* to him, whether with him or against him, that I defined myself and my own direction. Perhaps he would not have had it differently. Surely it is the highest tribute to the best people we know to use them as best we can, to become not their disciples but ourselves.

It is the good fortune of those who did not know him that his singular charm, the unique flavor of the man, transmits with high fidelity in *Lanterns on the Levee*. His gift for communicating, communicating himself, an enthusiasm, a sense of beauty, moral outrage, carries over faithfully to the cold printed page—although for those who did not know him

© Walker Percy, 1973.

Will Percy: A Delta Vision

In the literature of the twentieth-century South, highest honors are usually, and rightly, accorded W. J. Cash's *The Mind of the South*. Another work, strikingly dissimilar in almost every respect, has largely been lost to all but students of the region and lovers of fine writing. It is William Alexander Percy's *Lanterns on the Levee*, which, like the Cash book, was published in 1941. The authors were as different as their works. Cash was a North Carolina journalist who brought insight, imagination, and analytical skill to bear on the most complex and controversial section of the United States. His South was the South of high country and cotton mills. Will Percy's was the South of bottomlands and cotton plantations—the Mississippi delta, that fertile, sultry strip of land embracing the great river from Memphis to Vicksburg.

Neither reporter nor analyst, Percy was a lawyer, planter, and community leader who lived the events and thought the thoughts about which he wrote in *Lanterns on the Levee*. His book is a personal reflection on the human condition as seen in a small, seldom-observed corner.

Will Percy was a member of one of the South's most prominent families. Its members have had a real claim to being part of the "aristocracy" in which Southern partisans have always exulted. The family can trace its roots back to the mighty Percys of Northumberland, and the Mississippi branch has included Will's father, LeRoy, a U.S. senator who lost his seat opposing race baiting; Walker, the novelist; and another Leroy, who carries on the planter and community-leadership traditions in the delta of

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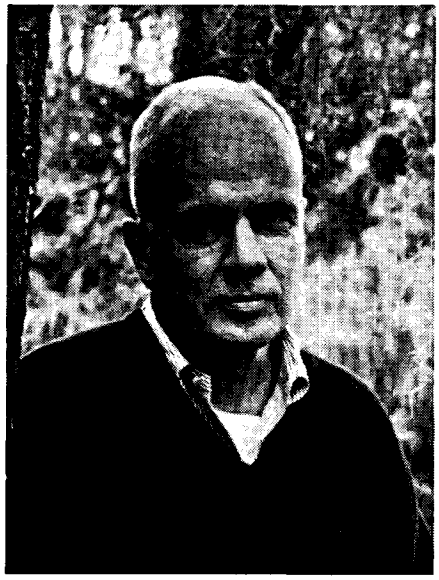
Will Percy—"An . . . articulated view of the world as tragic as it was noble."



Franke Keating

Walker Percy—What would his uncle's ideas be were he alive today?

the present day. The Percy homeplace is Greenville, which they have helped turn into an oasis of relative enlightenment in Mississippi. The late writer and newspaper editor Hodding Carter, Jr., also worked out of Greenville, and his son, Hodding III, has been a force in liberalizing the state's white-racist Democratic party.

Lanterns on the Levee, while an unchallenged Southern classic, arouses condescension or mild animosity among today's liberals, who view it as a singular statement of Southern-style paternalism. There is much to commend their view. Will Percy looked at the South, as at life, as an unabashed member of the landed gentry. He was at home with beauty, intelligence, honor, duty; these, he felt, set him far apart from the common folk of Mississippi—from the blacks, whom he considered childlike and in need of constant attention, and from the whites, whose coarseness, "hoodlumism," and "cunning" he despised and whose political power he feared. The poor whites' support of the demagogic James K. Vardaman, who defeated father LeRoy in the Senate campaign of 1911, made a searing impression on Will. "I can forgive them as the Lord God forgives," he wrote of the poor whites in *Lanterns on the Levee,* "but admire them, trust them, love them —never."

It is Percy's attitude toward the black man that has provoked the charge of paternalism. Although Percy found Mississippi blacks "intellectually and spiritually" superior to the poor whites, his pronouncement was not meant as a compliment to the former. Such statements as "His [the Negro's] manners offset his inefficiency, his vices have the charm of amiable weaknesses, he is a pain and grief to live with, a solace and a delight" seem almost designed to set the modern liberal's teeth on edge. So does his attitude toward Greenville blacks during the devastating Mississippi flood of 1927: Angered by their alleged unwillingness to work on the levees without pay, he looked on them as so many domestic animals, to be fed, sheltered, and somehow disposed of. Percy deeply resented Northern preaching on the race question. Like William Faulkner, he argued that only the Southerners, "left to themselves," could solve the problem—a view that young black activists laid to rest in the 1960s.

In the following essay Walker Percy, Will's cousin, deals chiefly with Will's attitudes on race. He assesses the defenders and attackers of *Lanterns on the Levee* and speculates on what the author's ideas would be if he were alive today. In so doing, he displays the literary grace and perception that infuse Will's book and that have become, through these two writers, a Percy trademark.

Walker Percy, fifty-seven, is the author of *The Moviegoer,* which won the National Book Award for Fiction in 1962, as well as of *The Last Gentleman* and *Love in the Ruins.* Trained as a physician, he has never practiced. He began writing seriously as a young man while undergoing treatment for tuberculosis and has been a writer ever since. He lives in Covington, Louisiana. This essay is adapted from the introduction to a new edition of *Lanterns on the Levee,* soon to be published by Louisiana State University Press.

ROGER M. WILLIAMS

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the words cannot evoke, or can they?—the mannerisms, the quirk of mouth, the shadowed look, the quick Gallic shrug, the inspired flight of eyebrows into the absurd, the cold Anglo-Saxon gaze (for he was this protean: one time I was reading *Ivanhoe,* the part about the fight between Richard and Saladin, and knowing Richard was one of his heroes, would identify one with the other. But wait: wasn't he actually more like Saladin, not the sir-knight defender of the Christian West but rather the subtle Easterner, noble in his own right? I didn't ask him; but if I had, he'd have probably shrugged: both, neither).

There is not much doubt about the literary quality of *Lanterns on the Levee,* which delivers to the reader not only a noble and tragic view of life but also the man himself. But other, non-literary questions might be raised here. How, for example, do the diagnostic and prophetic dimensions of the book hold up after thirty years? Here, I think, hindsight must be used with the utmost circumspection. On the one hand, it is surely justifiable to test the prophetic moments of a book against history itself; on the other hand, it is hardly proper to judge a man's views of the issues of his day by the ideological fashions of another age. Perhaps in this connection it would not be presumptuous to venture a modest hope. It is that *Lanterns on the Levee* will survive both its friends and its enemies, that is, certain more clamorous varieties of each.

One is all too familiar with both.

The first, the passionate advocate: the lady, not necessarily Southern, who comes bearing down at full charge, waving *Lanterns on the Levee* like a battle flag: "He is right! The Old South was right!" What she means all too often, it turns out, is not that she prefers agrarian values to technological but that she is enraged at having to pay her cook more

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than ten dollars a week, that she prefers not merely segregation to integration but slavery to either.

The second, the liberal enemy: the ideologue, white or black, who polishes off *Lanterns on the Levee* with the standard epithets—racist, white supremacist, reactionary, paternalist, Bourbon, etc., etc. (they always remind me of the old Stalinist imprecations—fascist, cosmopolitan, imperialist running dog).

Lanterns on the Levee deserves better and, of course, has better readers. Its author can be defended against the more extreme reader, but I wonder if it is worth the effort. Abraham Lincoln was a segregationist. What of it? Will Percy was regarded in the Mississippi of his day as a flaming liberal and a "nigger-lover" and was reviled by the sheriff's office for his charges of police brutality. What of that? Nothing much is proved except that current categories and names, liberal and conservative, are weary past all thinking of it. Ideological words have a way of wearing thin and then, having lost their meanings, being used like switchblades against the enemy of the moment. Take the words *paternalism* and *noblesse oblige,* dirty words these days. But is it a bad thing for a man to believe that his position in society entails a certain responsibility toward others? Or is it a bad thing for a man to care like a father for his servants, spend himself on the poor, the sick, the miserable, the mad who come his way? It is surely better than watching a neighbor get murdered and closing the blinds to keep from "getting involved." It might even beat welfare.

RATHER THAN measure *Lanterns on the Levee* against one or another ideological yardstick, it might be more useful to test the major themes of the book against the spectacular events of the thirty years since its publication. Certainly the overall pessimism of *Lanterns on the Levee,* its gloomy assessment of the spiritual health of Western civilization, is hard to fault these days. It seems especially prescient when one considers that the book was mostly written in the between-wars age of optimism when Americans still believed that the right kind of war would set things right once and for all. If its author were alive today, would he consider his forebodings borne out? Or has the decline accelerated even past his imaginings? Would he see glimmerings of hope? Something of all three no doubt, but mainly, I think, he'd look grim, unsurprised, and glad enough to have made his exit.

Certainly nothing would surprise him about the collapse of the old moralities, for example, the so-called sexual revolution, which he would more likely define in less polite language as alley-cat morality. I can hear him now: Fornicating like white trash is one thing, but leave it to this age to call it the new morality. Nor would he be shocked by the cynicism and corruption, the stealing, lying, rascality-ascendant in business and politics—though even he might be dismayed by the complacency with which they are received: "There have always been crooks, but we've not generally made a practice of re-electing them, let alone inviting them to dinner." All this, to say nothing of the collapse of civil order and the new jungle law that rules the American city.

"I can hear him now: Fornicating like white trash is one thing, but leave it to this age to call it the new morality."

Nothing new here then for him: If the horrors of the Nazi holocaust would have dismayed him and the moral bankruptcy of the postwar world saddened him, they would have done so only by sheer dimension. He had already adumbrated the Götterdämmerung of Western values.

But can the matter be disposed of so simply: decline and fall predicted, decline and fall taking place? While granting the prescience of much of *Lanterns on the Levee*'s pessimism, we must, I think, guard against a certain seductiveness that always attends the heralding of apocalypse, and we must not overlook some far less dramatic, but perhaps equally significant, counterforces.

YES, WILL PERCY'S anathematizing of modern life has seemed to be confirmed by the holocaust of the 1940s and by American political and social morality in the 1970s. But what would he make of some very homely, yet surely unprecedented, social gains that have come to pass during these same terrible times? To give the plainest examples: that for the first time in history a poor boy, black or white, has a chance to get an education, become what he wants to become, doctor, lawyer, even read *Lanterns on the Levee* and write poetry of his own, and that not a few young men, black and white, have done just that? Also: that for the first time in history a working man earns a living wage and can support his family in dignity. How do these solid social gains square with pronouncements of decline and fall? I ask the question and, not knowing the answer, can only wonder how Will Percy would see it now. As collapse? Or as contest? For it appears that what is upon us is not a twilight of the gods but a very real race between the powers of light and darkness, that time is short and the issue very much in doubt. So I'd love to ask him, as I used to ask him after the seven o'clock news (Ed Murrow: *This* —is London): "Well? What do you think?"

The one change that would astonish him, I think, is the spectacular emergence of the South from its traditional role of loser and scapegoat. If anyone had told him in 1940 that in thirty years the "North" (i.e., New York, Detroit, California) would be in the deepest kind of trouble with race, violence, and social decay while the South had become, by contrast, relatively hopeful and even prosperous, he would not have believed it. This is not to say that he would find himself at home in the new Dallas or Atlanta. But much of *Lanterns on the Levee*—for example, the chapter on sharecropping—was written from the ancient posture of Southern apologetics. If his defense of sharecropping against the old enemy, the "Northern liberal," seems quaint now, it is not because there was not something to be said for sharecropping—there was a good deal to be said—and it is not because he wasn't naïve about the tender regard of the plantation manager for the helpless sharecropper—he was naïve, even about his own manager. It is rather because the entire issue and its disputants have simply been bypassed by history. The massive social and technological upheavals in the interval have left the old quarrel both moot and academic and changed the odds in the new one. It is hard, for example, to imagine a serious Southern writer nowadays firing off his heaviest ammunition at "Northern liberals." Not the least irony of recent history is that the "Northern liberal" has been beleaguered, and the "Southern planter" rescued, by the same forces. The latter has been dispensed by technology from the ancient problem, sharecroppers replaced by Farmall and Allis-

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Chalmers, while the former have fallen out with their old wards, the blacks. The displaced sharecroppers moved to the Northern cities, and the liberals moved out. The South, in a peculiar sense, a sense Will Percy would not necessarily have approved (though he could hardly have repressed a certain satisfaction), may have won after all.

So WILL PERCY'S strong feelings about the shift of power from the virtuous few would hardly be diminished today, but he might recast his villains and redress the battle lines. Old-style demagogue, for example, might give way to new-style image manipulator and

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"If anyone had told him that in thirty years the North would be in the deepest kind of trouble... while the South would become, by contrast, relatively hopeful and even prosperous, he would not have believed it."

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smooth, amoral, churchgoing huckster. When he spoke of the "bottom rail on top," he had in mind roughly the same folks as Faulkner's Snopes, a lower-class itchy-palmed breed who had dispossessed the gentry, who had in turn been the true friends of the old-style "good" Negro. The upshot: an unholy hegemony of peckerwood politicians, a white hoi polloi keeping them in office, and a new breed of unmannerly Negroes misbehaving in the streets. But if he—or Faulkner for that matter—were alive today, he would find the battleground confused. He would find most members of his own "class" not exactly embattled in a heroic Götterdämmerung, not exactly fighting the good fight as he called it, but having simply left, taken off for the exurbs, where, barricaded in patrolled subdivisions and country clubs and private academies, they worry about their kids and drugs. Who can blame them, but is this the "good life" Will Percy spoke of? And when some of these good folk keep *Lanterns on the Levee* on the bed table, its author, were he alive today, might be a little uneasy. For meanwhile, doing the dirty work of the republic in the towns and cities of the South, in the schools, the school boards, the city councils, the restaurants, the stores, are to be found, of all people, the sons and daughters of the poor whites of the 1930s and some of those same uppity Negroes, who went to school, ran for office, and who together are not doing so badly and in some cases very well indeed.

So it is not unreasonable to suppose that Will Percy might well revise his view of the South and the personae of his drama, particularly in favor of the lower-class whites for whom he had so little use. In this connection I cannot help thinking of another book about the South, Cash's *The Mind of the South,* published, oddly enough, the same year by the same publisher as *Lanterns on the Levee.* Cash's book links Southern aristocrat and poor white much closer than the former ordinarily would have it. Both books are classics in their own right, yet they couldn't be more different; their separate validities surely testify to the diversity and complexity of this mysterious region. Yet in this case, I would suppose that Will Percy would today find himself closer to Cash in sorting out his heroes and villains, that far from setting artistocrat against poor white and both against the new Negro, he might well choose his present-day heroes—and villains—from the ranks of all three. He'd surely have as little use for black lawlessness as for white copping out. I may be wrong, but I can't see him happy as the patron saint of Hilton Head or Paradise-Estates-around-the-Country Club.

For it should be noted, finally, that despite conventional assessments of *Lanterns on the Levee* as an expression of the "aristocratic" point of view of the Old South, Will Percy had no more use than Cash for generalized games, the old Southern itch for coats of arms and tracing back connections to the English squirearchy. Indeed if I know anything at all about Will Percy, I judge that insofar as there might be a connection between him and the Northumberland Percys, they, not he, would have to claim kin. He made fun of his ancestor, Don Carlos, and if he claimed Harry Hotspur, it was a kinship of spirit. His own aristocracy was a meritocracy of talent, performance, courage, and quality of life.

It is just that, a person and a life, which comes across in *Lanterns on the Levee.* And about him I will say no more than that he was the most extraordinary man I have ever known and that I owe him a debt that cannot be paid. □

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Books

Singing the Unsung

A DIFFERENT WOMAN
By Jane Howard
E. P. Dutton, 415 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

The current literary and social climate encourages people to write and publish their autobiographies or memoirs at a green stage in life. The younger generation of American writers seems unable to bide its time for the ripeness of a *Pentimento,* the feisty triumph of Emma Goldman's *Living My Life,* the painfully acquired insights of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead.* In an era that produces memoirs by a nineteen year old about her relationship with a television tube, it is hardly surprising that middle-aged writers are unable to resist the temptation to tell too little too soon.

More and more journalists are falling prey to a particularly aggravating form of this temptation; they simply cannot avoid weaving their own lives into everything they write. This type of journalism works on rare occasions, usually when the writer is old enough and tough enough to serve as a touchstone for the experiences being described. More often than not, such mini-memoirs raise a frustrating and confusing barrier between the reader and the subject of a book or magazine article. *A Different Woman,* which combines an autobiography of thirty-eight-year-old Jane Howard with an examination of changes in the lives of American women, falls into the latter category.

Howard, a former staff writer for *Life* and the author of a previous non-fiction book about encounter groups, seems to have begun her research with the admirable intention of illuminating the lives of women who do not make either the six o'clock news or sociological treatises on the plight of the American female. "Thinking to try to sing the unsung," she writes, "I avoided celebrities. Few to whom I talked were especially famous or especially militant or especially anything. Certainly none of them was on any list of Most Admired Women, except maybe now, in some cases, my own."

Susan Jacoby is a free-lance writer and the author of Moscow Conversations, *a book of profiles of individual Russians.*

The women in this book are neither defeated nor entirely satisfied with their lives. There are full-time housewives and professionals with complicated careers; single and married, old and young women; mothers and childless women; city, small-town, and rural women; outspoken feminists, closet feminists, and strong women who profess no interest in "liberation" even though, or perhaps because, they have done a man's job throughout their lives. Most of them have done some new thinking about themselves as a result of the changing attitudes engendered by the women's movement. But Howard did not embark on a quest for opinions about women's lib, nor did she make any attempt to interview a representative sample of American women—whatever that sample might be. Instead, she tried to unearth slivers of truth about individual lives—a long overdue effort in a society in which women tend to be examined as a monolithic, long-lost tribe rather than as a diverse collection of human beings.

The reasons why Howard does not succeed in this attempt are foreshadowed in her opening chapter. "In a sense this book is a journal of two years," she explains. "They were two years in which Nixon got re-elected, George Wallace got shot, China got opened. Two years of Saigon, Munich, Khartoum, Managua, Belfast, warmer winters, Watergate. Twenty-four full moons (of which I probably noticed five) in the course of which I have tried, at long last, to come of age."

That, in the author's own words, is precisely what is wrong with *A Different Woman.* Howard takes us into the lives of extraordinary women—the more so because they are not celebrities—and tears us away in untimely fashion to contemplate the full moons that she did, or did not, notice. Serious, intense dialogue slides away into irritating *non sequiturs* about the author's apartment, food preferences, and love life.

Nelba Chavez, a Chicana psychiatric social worker, tells Howard that the husbands and fathers of her patients sometimes confront her in her clinic and threaten to kill her. "They threaten to kill their wives, kill us, put a bomb in the place. The idea of emancipated women totally undermines their authority. It's very traumatic what happens to a man when his wife sees herself as emancipated. My reaction to the women's movement is you Anglos don't know how lucky you are. If you only knew *our* problems!" Later, Nelba talks with some bemusement about a conference she attended where the Anglo psychiatrists spent a good deal of time discussing the need to rediscover the extended family.

Jane Howard—"She clearly has a gift for drawing people out."

"Hell, we've been living in extended families for years," she says. "Some of what you say about closeness and security is true, of course, but those ties can be *too* close. What you're trying to bring back is what we're trying to get away from." One wants to hear much more from this strong woman, whose high school guidance counselor once laughed at her because she wanted to go to college when her family had an income of only $1600 a year. Instead, Howard switches to an Easter celebration in the Grand Canyon with her sister Ann (also a recurring character in the book) and her family. We learn that they had strawberries with sour cream and Irish butter sculptured in the form of a chick for breakfast and that the family members were predictably irritated by too much activity and food so that their nerves were on edge by the end of the day.

After Easter the action shifts back to Tucson, Arizona, and a pregnant Chicana matriarch who is, astonishingly, on the national board of Planned Parenthood. "I believe in my religion," she says, "but I don't want to be a hypocrite. I went to confession and confessed I practiced birth control, because I don't feel I should have the luxury of more children than we can afford to educate." There is no further explanation of how a woman raised in a traditional Mexican-American, Roman Catholic home came to be a proselytizer for birth control. Once again, there is the frustrating sense that the individuals in this book are not being allowed to speak for themselves at sufficient length.

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The contrast that immediately springs to mind is Studs Terkel's history of the Depression, *Hard Times*. Both books deal with a highly diverse collection of people who have only one common thread—in Terkel's case, the experience of the Thirties; in Howard's, the fact that they are American women. Terkel chose to let his people speak with a minimum of comment by the author, and most of the interviews are memorable gems. Howard chose a montage of autobiography, shifting scenes, interviews, and conversations. Arresting as they are, her people just begin to come alive when they are placed in competition with transitional narrative as well as the author's personal experiences. In the end, the interviews seldom reach deeply enough into the flesh or the souls of these women.

In Vermont Howard interviews Orpha Smith, a woman known locally as "the maple-sugar lady." Orpha has been married for thirty-nine years to a man who spends nine months of every year working on construction projects in Maine while she runs the maple-sugar business at home.

"Don't you and he miss each other?" Howard asks.

"I guess, but I don't want to go to Maine. I'd rather stay here and keep the business going, and he doesn't want to stay here—so there you are. But we've been married thirty-nine years, which is more than what happens with some of your big hoo-rah church weddings. Some of them sure don't amount to much.

"I can't say I thoroughly approve of divorce, though. Nobody's ever happy with anybody all the time, and these days too many of 'em just seem to quit without giving it a fair try."

Orpha is one of a number of remarkable rural women who appear in the book—women whose sturdiness and independent spirits seem to have grown through solitude, hard physical work, marriage, and motherhood. And she is especially interesting because she worked out a *modus operandi* for independence in marriage long before there was any talk of open marriage or women's liberation. But Howard hurries us on to another scene. The maple-sugar lady observes that she gets one gallon of syrup for every thirty-five or forty gallons of sap. In the next sentence Howard remarks, "That ratio probably applies to my work, too." And suddenly we are back on the West Side of Manhattan, and we learn where Howard buys her cheese, wine, and ice cream and how much she needs a fresh black typewriter ribbon to do her work.

THE PITY IS that this book might have been a remarkable achievement. Jane Howard is at her best when she lets people talk for themselves, and she clearly has a gift for drawing people out. One chapter on women in an impoverished mountain hollow in West Virginia almost by itself justifies the price of the book. Listen to Tildy Hastings:

If I had it to do over again, I'd have fewer children, because there isn't room enough in the world for everyone to have as many children as I did. . . . Without anesthetics it wasn't easy having them, but you just grit your teeth and bear it. Once I had six under the age of five, and when my youngest daughter was three months old, my system wasn't too strong, and I almost had a nervous breakdown. If the company doctor hadn't got my tubes tied, I might have had more [children] still. Wayne would divorce me if he heard me say so, but I feel more strongly about sterilization than abortions, though I think there are times when abortions should be permitted, too.

Then Tildy talks about a doctor who told a friend that cold baths after intercourse might reduce the chance of pregnancy. "Doctor," the woman asked him, "do you see that creek down there?" The creek was 150 yards away. "Doctor, do you think I'm going to go down there four or five times a night to take a cold bath? Because, Doctor, if you do, you'd better think again."

In the next chapter Howard discusses her own feelings about being childless in her late thirties and her pleasure in being an aunt to her sister's children and her friends' children. She breaks a plastic speculum, while trying to examine her own cervix; the connections and the meaning of all this are elusive.

It is not that Howard is an uninteresting woman. On the contrary, her attempts to pack everything into one book detract quite as much from her autobiography as from the portraits of other women. She uses herself as a reference point for everything else in the book, whether she is comparing her work with the maple-sugar lady's or her fertility with the mountain woman's. This type of writing is fashionable at the moment, but it produces neither first-rate journalism nor first-rate autobiography. I would like to read Jane Howard's autobiography when she is in her sixties and capable of elucidating the reference points in her own life more clearly or, as Lillian Hellman puts it in *Pentimento*, "seeing and seeing again." □

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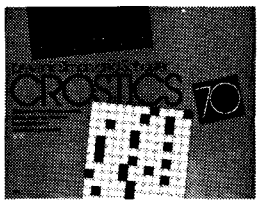

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Man and the Liberated Woman

THE INEVITABILITY OF PATRIARCHY
By Steven Goldberg
William Morrow, 256 pp., $6.95

SEXUAL SUICIDE
By George Guilder
Quadrangle, 308 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Louis Berg

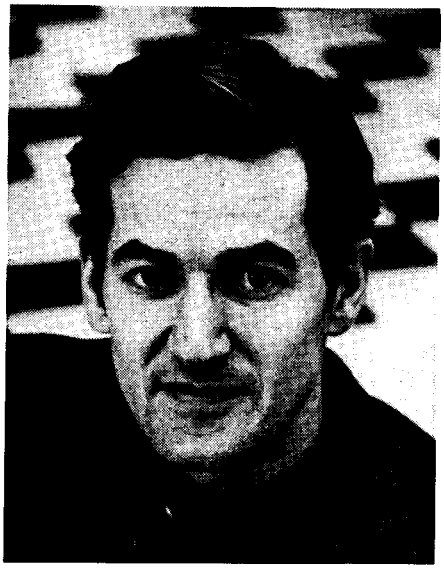
A pox on the lesbian and androgynous leaders of the women's liberation movement—less for their morals than for their making themselves the spokesmen (or must we say spokeswomen) for their sex, the true nature of which they deny. It has always been accepted as self-evident truth in all civilized societies—never mind the Mbuti pygmies—that men and women differ in the arrangement of their cells and in the chemistry of their hormones and, consequently, have different sexual needs. By virtue of this difference, nature or society has assigned different functions to each sex. Man, because of assumed superior strength, agility, and drive, and because he is free of the burden of childbearing, is given the role of supporter and protector of the family. Woman's main business, though she need not be confined to it, is procreation (with some slight help from the male), so that nature's design for the preservation of the species may be maintained.

TO WOMEN the pain, to men the glory, some would have it. Fair or unfair, however, the man-woman relationship is still meant to be a symbiotic one. Nor are the inequities as pronounced as it would seem. The modern woman spends less time in the kitchen than her forebears (and yet how does she spend her time?). And her chief complaint seems to be boredom. Quite to the contrary, modern technology has chained man to the assembly line, or its equivalent: Few jobs are spiritually rewarding, some are crippling, and most infernally dull. In her traditional function woman has considerable choice, while man has very little in his. There are some women who actually prefer staying home and raising babies to going out and working. In politics woman has the vote, and in the arts and professions she has opportunity. That she has been slow to exercise either is hardly the fault of man. Even women's libbers are inclined to blame woman's hesitancy in seizing these opportunities on her own laggardness and on the maternal admonitions to "be good, sweet maid, and let who can, be clever."

Be that as it may, the trend is away from the double standard. Woman *is* liberated if she chooses to exercise her new freedom. This does not satisfy the more ardent feminists, the Kate Millets, the Germaine Greers. They demand not mere equality but interchangeability of male and female roles, in bed and out. Fantastical as some of their notions are and extravagant though some of their demands may be—first demanding admittance to the bar at McSorley's Alehouse, then demanding admittance to the men's room, are considered a natural sequence, above and beyond the call of nature; and the proposition has been made to science that a way be found to enable men to have babies—the harridans are being listened to, not only by women of their own predilections but also by those who are given to orthodox sex and quiet lives, and they have won male allies. They are, it would seem, in tune with the licentious spirit and the nihilism that pervades the social scene. They are clever, and they are sly. Like the subtle legislator who tacks a defeating rider to a bill he does not want to pass, they have managed to attach their unisex fantasies to legitimate demands. Furthermore, they have linked their cause with those of minorities who have genuine grievances. They are not to be taken lightly; they command forums on the air, columns in the press; their books are published and become best-sellers.

Nor are they to be refuted by the likes of David Susskind, who makes his TV program available to them, in the hope, presumably, that he can outargue them or expose their pretensions to the general public. They are immune to ridicule and beyond the reach of common sense.

NOW, HOWEVER, TWO SERIOUS and informed social scientists have undertaken to crack the nut (the word is used advisedly) of the feminist argument: Steven Goldberg in his *Inevitability of Patriarchy* and George Guilder in *Sexual Suicide*. It may be safely assumed that they express the viewpoint of the male chauvinist pig, inasmuch as each upholds the traditional view of the man-woman relationship and the role of women in society and each stresses the biological differences between men and women and the consequences that flow from them.



Steven Goldberg (Left) and George Guilder—"Each upholds the traditional view of the man-woman relationship and the role of women in society."

Goldberg's book merits, I feel, only brief review. Goldberg teaches sociology at City College in New York, and he slips too easily into the jargon of the social sciences. His text reads like a doctoral thesis and will probably meet with the approval of fellow pedagogues (it has already done so, according to the book jacket); but it is not likely to capture the attention of the general public. What lay reader would have the patience to thread his way through such involuted passages as?—

Cross-cultural compilations of ethno-

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graphic materials demonstrate the universality of male dominance with the same conclusiveness with which they demonstrate the universality of patriarchy. While the greater subtleties of definition and discovery have led some of the anthropologists who have authored cross-cultural compilations to use slightly qualified terms ("universality for all intents and purposes") when referring to the universality of male dominance, this scientific tentativeness does not indicate a belief that there is any society in which members do not demonstrate the feelings relevant to male dominance or in which authority in dyadic and familial relationships is not associated with the male. . . .

To make matters worse, Goldberg resorts—lest the smooth flow of exposition be interrupted—to frequent and ponderous footnotes of such length as to overwhelm the text. One such footnote runs to 121 lines of fine print against eleven pages of text.

Actually Goldberg does himself a disservice, since his style is clear and forceful enough when he gets down to it. He is too anxious, however, to be scholarly. The points he makes in his book are simple enough, perhaps too simple: In accord with nature's plan and by virtue of her disposition of hormones, the male has always dominated society and always will; a patriarchy it has been throughout history, and a patriarchy it will remain. With the first point, I imagine, even the extreme feminist will agree, because this is precisely what she complains of. As to the second point, I am less certain. Money is power, votes are power, and women have both. Who knows when they will choose to exercise their power and hand out assignments as they please? There were some who argued against Russian communism on the grounds that it would not work and who are now fearful—and rightly so, I think—because it does. I shudder.

GUILDER SHARES MY FEARS. It has already been well established that women can be impregnated by artificial insemination, reducing man's procreative function to one of masturbation. Already women are being tempted with the possibility of obtaining sexual satisfaction with other women. If, then, woman takes a job, becomes her own provider, and—insofar as modern weaponry does not demand warrior prowess—becomes her own defender, who needs man? He will become a drone in the hive, who neither works nor stings; the male in the anthill, whose reason for existence ends when he has fertilized the queen. The science of genetics may advance to the point—and some feminists have already hailed the

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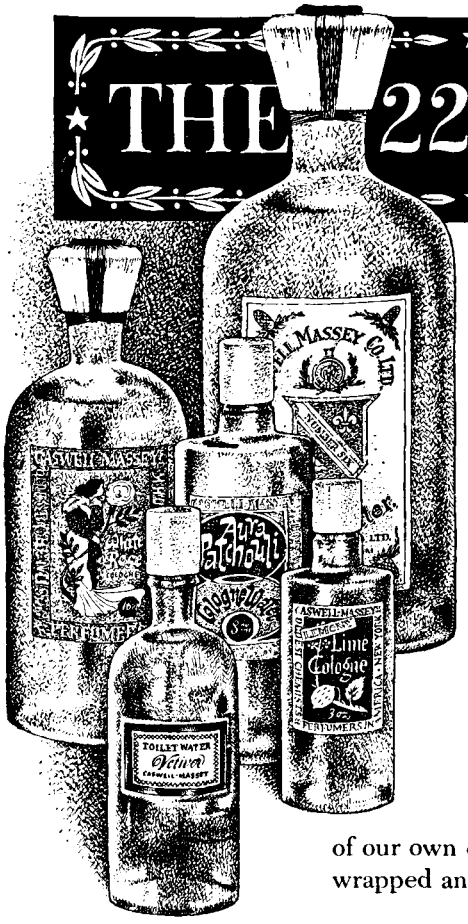

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dawn of this new day—where babies of tomorrow can be hatched in test tubes, independent of the bodies of either mother or father, and cared for en masse like biddies, sparing the mother the pain and burden of childbirth and child care but also, Guilder points out, depriving her of the sexual satisfaction that she derives from it.

IT IS NOT NICE to fool Mother Nature, but there is also a price put upon it. Without the sex mystique the sex act will lose much of its enchantment. Without the need to raise a family and to provide for it, man will simply drop out of the labor market. For industrial workers and managers have no dedication to their jobs (or ambition beyond them) save as symbols of their prowess as providers. Without this power man is woman's inferior, she being more potent in the sex act and more important in the one purpose demonstrable in nature, namely, the perpetuation of the species, from which derives all human striving beyond the need to eat and sleep.

Guilder plumps, therefore, for marriage and the family, not only because it is there man attains the most satisfactory man-woman relationship—although the temptation to stray from it may be strong—but also because of the curb it puts on his wayward impulses and fantasies and because without it there can be no civilized society.

In this connection, Guilder makes some startling observations:

> . . . the chief perpetrators [of crime] are *single* men. Single men comprise between 80 and 90 percent of the categories of social pathology, and on the average they make less money than any other group in society—yes, less than single women or married women. As any insurance actuary will tell you, single men are also less responsible for their bills, their driving, and other personal conduct. Together with the disintegration of the family, they constitute our leading social problem. For there has emerged no institution that can replace the family in turning children into civilized human beings or in retrieving the wreckage of our current disorder.

His definition of marriage, too, is cogent: Admittedly, he defines the ideal, but it is one worth striving for:

> To treat marriage as a contract is to destroy its *raison d'être*. A marriage is a commitment of two people not to exchange products or services but to escape the psychology of exchange altogether. Each partner receives the other as a whole person, for what he is rather than for what he agrees to do. Each partner serves the other not in the expectation of specific gain but in the course of serving the larger unit they become together.

The temptation to quote from his book is strong, for his argument is forcefully presented, and his remarks in passing are sometimes so striking they merit a book of their own. The style is lively. His opening is almost too breezy for his serious approach to the subject; but he does wrap up neatly the amalgam of various "liberation" movements and comes rapidly to the nub of his theme, which is the sex imperative:

> It is time to declare that sex is too important a subject to leave to the myopic crowd of happy hookers, Dr. Feelgoods, Black Panthers, . . . evangelical lesbians, sensuous psychiatrists, retired baseball players, pornographers, dolphins, swinging priests, displaced revolutionists, polymorphous perverts, and *Playboy* philosophers—all bouncing away on waterbeds and typewriters and television shows, making "freedom" ring the cash registers of revolution.

SEX IS THE life force. It is bound up with our deepest emotions and with our identity, and when it is devalued or cheapened, the quality of our life suffers and society decays. Guilder does not minimize the pleasure principle, the allure of variety, the desire, and sometimes the need, of the individual to escape from the restrictions that society has placed on him, but he does deny the right of the wayward individual to impose his predilections on the fabric of society, to change the rules to suit his particular fancy. He admits that some women should work because they need the money—either because they lack the supporting income of a man or because they must supplement it—and other women because they are bored or don't have enough to do at home.

Where Guilder loses me altogether is in his argument against equal pay for

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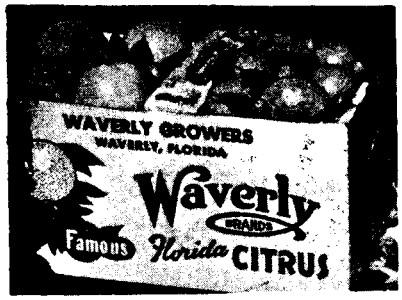
equal work, which he contends would further limit man's role as provider. It should have, I think, the opposite effect, enabling men to compete professionally with women on more equal terms. Rather than displacing men, equal pay for equal work would remove from an employer the temptation to hire a woman because he can pay her less.

In his conclusion, moreover, Guilder takes what I consider a reactionary point of view, favoring the extreme against the moderate women in the liberation movement (perhaps because their arguments are more easily demolished). His conclusion is calculated, I would think, to drive the moderates into the arms (I hope not literally) of the sex radicals and could even lead to the polarization of the sexes, the ghastly separation of men and women, which he so rightly deplores. Besides, conditions simply do not favor a return to the traditional home and family, which is what Guilder seems to advocate. We can no more go back to that than we can return to the mule-drawn plow or to handiwork as the favored mode of production, however soul-satisfying the dream may be. Compromise is always called for in a democratic society. But then I am a congenital middle of the roader. I conceive that we walk a tightrope in all our affairs and should learn to do it gracefully or risk a disastrous fall.

SOME SEPARATENESS I would allow for. My own male-chauvinist position is that women should not meddle in what are primarily male concerns. The boundaries are not clearly drawn, but they can be roughly determined: The proper study of woman is womankind (if I may steal a feminist term), and this encompasses a large province, including the arts and sciences, and paralleling, but not intruding on, purely masculine interests. I am bemused that most of the appliances designed to lighten the burden of housework for women are the inventions of men. I think that neurotic women should consult female psychiatrists, because they would be more understanding of their problems. I would not disturb the symbiotic relationship between men and women: I hold that, allowing for individual aberrations, men should sleep with women and women with men, and never the twain should cross. I applaud Guilder's concept of marriage and his defense of home and family as the basis for society.

And I bow my head before the approaching storm. □



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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Position Report

An aging duffer whose fantasy life regularly spills over into these pages recently spent a long day trying to ignore his fifty-seventh birthday. It would not be ignored.

Our friend has no particular dread of years or of their accumulation to the end of the line. He tends to be surprised that he has made it quite as far as he has. A few months ago, at his doctor's insistence, he had checked into the hospital for his first really thorough physical checkup in thirty years. He had been told that he was healthier than he had any right to be, his absurd habits considered. After forty chain-smoking years he still had a working lung. After thirty devout years on bourbon he still had a liver. He was overweight, and his joints creaked a bit, but the prognosis was better than fair. "Quit smoking, drinking, and eating," the doctor summarized, "and you may live forever."

Forever? It was too dark a thought. When our friend checked out of the hospital he headed compulsively for his local supplier and arrived home in the delivery wagon with a case of J. W. Dant 100-proof sour mash Kentucky bourbon. Forever is a long, dry, shuddery time.

Forever. It was a Sahara of a word. Our friend had been a late begetter, and his house is still full of teen-agers and just-over-the-liners. He recalls his own teen years as a time of violent insanities, and should his memory ever blur, his children are there to remind him. What bites man deeper than ants in the pants? If nothing but time and physical decay will exterminate such vermin, then let all men hunger for age and decay. As Yeats put it:

> Bodily decrepitude is wisdom; young,
> We loved each other and were ignorant.

Another noted philosopher named Art Linkletter once wrote that the only truly honest people he had ever met were either under eight or over eighty. Our friend's own observations coincide with the philosophers'. Since our friend has no way of sneaking back to original honesty, he is determined to live viciously, to age rapidly, and so to achieve the honesty of decay. A man with nothing to lose has nothing to pretend and nothing to fear. Our friend—a known fantasist—has been known to look the calendar straight in the pigeonholes and to taunt it with, "You can't blackmail me, box-in-box. I'm shameless."

"In a way, we're a ménage à trois: you, me, and Agatha Christie."

Our friend was not trying to ignore his birthday out of dread but only out of boredom. Let his chosen gift be a day with nothing to do. It was, alas, a lost hope.

OUR FRIEND, it must be explained, loves flowers but hates gardening. He therefore raises lilies. The lily is a weed—the queen of weeds. The plantains have broad leaves; the plants derived from the tiger lily have a dense, bushy foliage—both kinds smother other weeds. Neither requires care. Put them in, forget them, and wait for them to make their own way back year after year. The fancier lilies grow on stalks from eight inches to eight feet high. They are beautiful, but they take weeding—unless you plant them in beds of pachysandra, which will smother the weeds but let the lily stalks through. Such is the self-tending garden. Our friend has been too lazy to get it all worked out, but that is the game plan, and bit by bit he is getting on with it.

His birthday happened to be the day the regals opened—three-foot-high clusters of lemony-white trumpets with an odor so sweet as to be cloying. Our friend meant to relax in a lawn chair and let himself be cloyed. He had hardly made it to a first nibble of sensation when a neighbor arrived, full of birthday joy. She had brought as her gift four dozen strawberry plants. "They look a bit wilted," she said, "but they'll do fine if they're put in right away."

Our friend arose from indolence, prepared a bed, put in the plants, mulched, fertilized, watered, and put away his tools. It was a hot day, and he had sweated through his clothes. He showered, put on fresh clothes, and made it back to the lawn chair just in time for his wife to drive in with six rose bushes to replace those he had lost to neglect. No help for it: He got his tools out again. Before he could dig, however, he had to weed. How else could he tell where the ground was? And once a man starts weeding, where does he stop? Which clump or blade is marked "enough"? Hours later the rose bed was weeded, mulched, watered, sprayed, and fed. His clothes were once more sopping.

He was headed for the shower and another change when the children drove in with a huge and lovely bush of orna-

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mental foliage, name unknown, for that bare spot by the back steps. They had at least arrived in time to hitchhike on his next shower. He set the bush in, took his shower, and got into fresh clothes.

Just as he came downstairs, a delivery man rang and handed him a large package from H. J. Heinz. The package contained a sampling of the fifty-seven varieties, with a printed card that read: "Congratulations on your fifty-seventh birthday." The printed signature read: "Henry J. Heinz."

"Hey," one of the kids said, "you know Henry?"

"Note that the card is printed," our friend said. "The key number is fifty-seven. Their PR must have picked my birthday out of *Whom's What*. It's a promotional thing—a rather nice one, I must say."

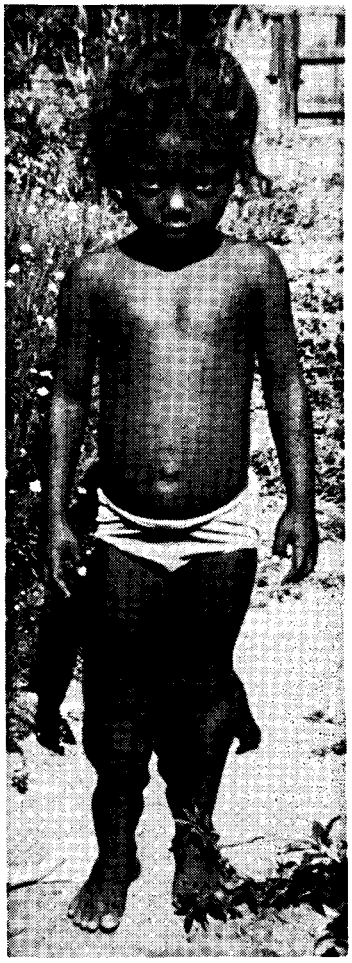
"Just the right thing for grilling hamburgers," his wife said.

TWO HOURS LATER he had blown the candles out and hauled the ashes to the hot pit. Later he would sprinkle them bit by bit into the compost. "Let's go to the club for a drink," he said, having showered and changed again.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you Vee and Eddie are coming over to wish you a happy birthday."

Our friend smothered another groan. Vee, the incessant local sweetheart and non-stop charmer. She was certain to bring a bale of poisonous thorns that would take two days to plant. They might be worth it at that, if they took along the property line and managed to poison the new neighbors and their brats. Later he could add stinkweed, if any turned up at the garden shop.

Day by day, he thought. He sat down. Among the birthday loot on the den table was a battery-powered pocket calculator. He picked it up and punched sixty—there are sixty seconds in a minute. He multiplied that by sixty for the hour, the result by twenty-four for the day, and that result by 365 for the year. There would be roughly a quarter of a day left over, but the hell with it. He pushed the "equals" button and read 31,536,000. He multiplied again by fifty-seven and pushed the "equals" button. It was an eight-digit calculator, and the machine signaled that the answer had gone off the end of its line. Our friend felt a certain rightness in seeing the numbers go off the far end. "None of them amount to much," he thought, "there are just a lot of them." □



Maria Augusta Tito. 7 years old. Family situation precarious. Parents illiterate; concerned about children's schooling.

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OVER 35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH

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Books in Brief

THE DOGS BARK
By Truman Capote
Random House, 419 pp., $8.95

For this collection of pieces written over the past three decades, Mr. Capote has taken his title from the Arab proverb "The dogs bark, but the caravan moves on." The proverb was André Gide's offer of solace to Mr. Capote when the latter complained of ill-treatment by literary critics as the two of them were sitting together one day, looking out at the sea. It was an idea peculiarly suited to Mr. Capote's view of himself, for Mr. Capote is a man uncommonly attached to the notion of himself as a wanderer daring to set down in dangerous places, and as a writer daunted, frequently, by the power of the society at whose edges he stands but, in the end, always audacious and elusive. The truth about Mr. Capote, of course, is that he is squarely in the center of society and the circles of power, and not outside them. He has been fashion itself, in the literary world and in the high society that travels at its heels, a wanderer who in the course of his travels has made his way unerringly to the tents where the chieftains sit. He is also a writer of considerable powers, as even the slender impressionistic sketches in this collection prove. There are local-color pieces on Spain, New York, Hollywood, and Haiti, among others, and pieces of a darker character, like "Lola" (a raven who mistook the nature of her identity and who came to grief thereby), a deftly lugubrious work of the sort in which he and his fellow writers of the Southern school are expert. Best of all and distinguished for their intelligence, their ear for fatuities, and their viciousness are the two long pieces having to do with the visit to Moscow, in 1955, of the American production of *Porgy and Bess*. It was not the era of detente then, but the emissaries from Everyman Opera, Inc., made their own attempts in that direction, and Mr. Capote found himself fortuitously, blissfully, in the center of things, recording it all. The result is two high-hearted, immensely funny sketches well worth the travel to get to in a collection not otherwise notable for its hilarity.

•

FAREWELL TO MANZANAR
By Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston
Houghton Mifflin, 176 pp., $5.95

When World War II broke out, the U.S. government moved to relocate thousands of Japanese-Americans in internment camps. One of these camps was Manzanar, in the high mountain desert country of California, where the wind and the dust blew winter and summer. But the soil was rich for planting there, and the interned Japanese-Americans made life bearable for themselves by gardening and planting trees and by recreating in miniature something of the ordered existence they had once known. After a time life was so bearable that the internees were loath to leave the world they had made in Manzanar and to enter again the American society they remembered: a society (particularly on the West Coast) that had never been friendly to the Japanese, one whose hostilities to that people had been sharpened immeasurably by the war. When they finally emerged from the camp, under government orders, they discovered that neither the enmity nor anything else they recalled of their pre–World War II life in California was as they remembered it.

Mrs. Houston and her husband have recorded a tale of many complexities in a straightforward manner, a tale remarkably lacking in either self-pity or solemnity. It is the record of one woman's maturation during a unique historical moment; Mrs. Houston (formerly Jeanne Wakatsuki) was interned with her family at Manzanar at the age of seven. For better or worse, that was the childhood she remembered when she became an adult: a place where one went to school and took dancing lessons, a world as self-enclosed as any other in childhood. Neither intemperate nor diffident about the experience of internment, this is a work of more than passing interest.

•

THE SLIPWAY
By Graham Billing
Viking, 288 pp., $6.95

Mr. Billing's protagonist is trapped in alcoholism and verges on the brink of losing family, livelihood, and inheritance. It cannot be said of Targett that he struggles against drinking, though he makes a good deal of noise about it. Rather, Mr. Billing has made his theme a condition in which a man is unable to wage any sort of fight. It is a dangerous choice for a novelist to make, for novels want struggling above all; but it is one that works well in a work whose subject is pure pathology, as this one's is. Targett's whole soul is trained in deception, in order both to countenance the fact that he cannot spend an hour without alcohol and to keep the rest of the world unaware of that fact. He knows precisely how much energy he needs to get from place to place and at what time of the day it will give out. His attempts to imitate the normal activities of life while he is in an alcoholic haze are driven by a complicated internal logic—and an interesting logic it is. There is a scene in which Targett tries to go fishing, in one of his regular, if short-lived, bursts of normality, that is memorable for its portrait of a disintegrating ego. It is not an appealing novel; but in its involuted way, it is an intelligent and an absorbing one.

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Trade Winds

A Shared Regard

It was Louis Untermeyer's *Modern British and American Poetry* that got me interested in poetry when I was in high school. I've been honored to know him in later years, and I think of him variously as Old Man *Mots* (he's a punster) and Rock of Sages. Muriel Rukeyser shares my regard, for in her new book, *Breaking Open* (Random House, November 8), there's what she calls "A Louis Sonnet," dedicated to Himself on his eightieth birthday:

The jokes, the feuds, the puns, the punishments,
This traditional man being brave, going in grace,
Finding the structure of lives more than perfected line;
The forms of poetry are his time and space.
He's quirky, he rhymes like daily life; light wine
Is all his flavor, till fierce reverence
Turns delicatessen into delicatesse—
The man who anthologizes experience.

He is anthologized: like a wave of the sea
He is here, he is there, he changes impossibly,
He is blue surface, green suspended, the dark deep notes.
A stain of brilliance spreading upward floats
In luminous air; we are luminous, he makes us be
The jokes of Job and Heine's anecdotes.

Royalty Watcher

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote that, kings were happier; right now, most of them are out of work. There's an interesting rundown of unemployed sovereigns in Walter J. P. Curley's *Monarchs in Waiting*, which Dodd, Mead will publish on November 30. There are seventeen chaps who are claimants or pretenders to European thrones, and the only one who seems to have his foot in the door is His Royal Highness don Juan-Carlos de Bourbon and Battenberg, who has been hand-picked by Franco over the more legitimate don Juan de Bourbon and Battenberg—his father. The tiniest chance of success of making king seems to be that of His Imperial Highness Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, although I wouldn't place any bets on the success of The O'Conor don of Ireland, a Jesuit priest. There are interviews with selected monarchs and all sorts of appendixes about royal families. A startling claim that comes up frequently is that a monarchy is the cheapest form of government. Mr. Curley, who is the New York City commissioner of public events, is himself a cousin of Gerald de Courcey The O'Grady, who is pretty high up the scale for Irish royalty watchers.

Eh?

There are some pretty tricky titles around; how about *Turn it Up (I Can't Hear the Words)*, which is subtitled, for clarification, *The Best of the New Singers/Songwriters*. The book is by enthusiast Bob Sarlin, and Simon & Schuster will publish it on November 21. The author claims that the new singer/songwriters represent "the wedding of rock and roll and guts and brains." He's talking about Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Bob Hunter, Laura Nyro, James Taylor, and Don McLean. I think he skimps on Leonard Cohen, with only a passing paragraph. More than a fourth of the book is about Dylan, which is right and just: my favorite chapter is a smart one on Randy Newman, he of the creaking voice and nervy humor. If you've never heard his "Love Story," go buy the record. Here's what Sarlin says about it:

> ..."Love Story," Newman's laconic voyage from youth to age, has a chorus that could fit into anyone's jukebox or car radio. But the verses, where one would expect an equally banal statement on love, are full of those tiny, perverse twists that Newman so loves. "We'll have a kid," Newman sings, and there's no reason to expect this vision to be anything but rosy. "Or maybe we'll rent one." Here the listener has to stop and check his ground. Rent one? "He's got to be straight." Ah, that's reassuringly parental. "We don't want a bent one." There's the stinger. Once he's got his listeners wondering and more than a little bit confused about just how much they're being put on, Newman moves in for the satiric kill. "He'll drink his baby brew/From a big brass cup/Someday he may be President/[all legitimate sentiments for a fantasizing father to come up with?] If things loosen up." The result is bemused laughter, the laughter of those caught off balance by Newman's satirical powers.

The book comes in both cloth and paper editions.

WILLIAM COLE

"Dobbs, your plan will save this company millions, but the board demands to know why you didn't think of it twenty years ago."

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Geoview

by R. Buckminster Fuller

Ethics

In the evolution of political-economics
Of the late twentieth century
There is an emerging pattern
In which yesterday's virtues
Become today's vices
And vice versa
Vices Virtues.

We hope this signals the demise
Of either dollar or gun manipulated
Political puppetry's
Overwhelment of humanity

Throughout the past state
Of innate ignorance of the many,
The informed few
Told the uninformed many
What to do
So that the many's coordinate efforts
Could produce most effectively
The objectives of the few.

An omniwell-informed humanity
Does not need to be told
What needs to be done
Nor how to cooperate synergetically
It does so spontaneously.

History demonstrates without exception
That successful sovereign power seizers
And successfully self-perpetuating,
Supreme physical power holders in general
Will always attempt to divide the opposition
In order to conquer them
And thereafter keep the conquered divided
To keep them conquered.

Controlling the sources
Of production and distribution
The self-advantaging power systems
Keep the conquered divided by their uncontestable fiat
That the individual's right to live
Must be earned
To the power structure's satisfaction
By performing one of the ruling system's
Myriad of specialized functions.

The top-gun, self-serving power structure
Also claims outright ownership
Of the lives of all those born
Within their sovereignly claimed
Geographical bounds
And can forfeit their citizens' lives
In their official warfaring,
Which of psychological necessity
Is always waged in terms
Of moral rectitude
While covertly protecting and fostering
Their special self-interests.

To keep the conquered
Controllably disintegrated
And fearfully dependent
"They" also foster perpetuation or increase
Of religious, ethnic, linguistic,
And skin-color differentiations
As obvious conditioned-reflex exploitabilities.

Special-interest sovereignty will always
Attempt to monopolize and control
All strategic information (intelligence),
Thus to keep the divided specializing world
Innocently controlled by its propaganda
And dependent exclusively upon its dictum.

Youth has discovered all this
And is countering with comprehensivity and synergy
Youth will win overwhelmingly
For truth
Is eternally regenerative
In youth
Youth's love
Embracingly integrates,
Successfully frustrates
And holds together
Often unwittingly
All that hate, fear, and selfishness
Attempt to disintegrate.

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS

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Curbs on the Multinational Corporation?

Of the 100 largest economic units in the world, as measured either by the GNP of nations or the sales volume of companies, more than half are multinational corporations (MNC). The ten largest do business in excess of $3 billion—more than the GNP of eighty nations. Of the 211 MNCs with sales of $1 billion and over, more than half are based in the United States.

As things now stand, the multinational corporation is responsible to no one. Although it is subject to the often conflicting laws of both the nation in which it is based and the nation in which it does business, it is in the control of neither. For years critics have contended that the multinational corporation is a modern form of extraterritoriality, basically exploitative, while its proponents have held that it is the most efficient agent available for the redistribution of wealth and the diffusion of technology throughout the world (see box next page).

Now the United Nations is conducting a year-long study to determine what the activities and impact of the MNC are. This month in Geneva the United Nations' Group of Eminent Persons will continue hearings on whether and how "some form of accountability to the international community" can be imposed on the multinational corporation. Among the institutions and devices that will be considered "to guide the multination corporations' exercise of power" are the following (from the more modest to the most ambitious): a forum for discussion; harmonization of tax laws; a code of conduct; a registry of MNCs meeting qualifying criteria; agencies of conciliation or arbitration; an institution comparable to GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) wherein decisions arrived at are binding on all members.

The basic document from which the Group of Eminent Persons proceeds is a superior piece of work.* It is factual, balanced, and constructive. At the hearings that began in New York in September—some of which were open, some closed—the selection of witnesses was fair and comprehensive. In Geneva from November 1 to 16, the first six days of hearings will be open to the public.

As might be expected, the multinational corporations are dead set against supervision or control. But they might accept "a code of conduct" if they felt it imposed equivalent restraints on host nations with respect to expropriation and other investment risks. The more advanced of the developing nations tend to be as strongly opposed to any interference with their freedom to negotiate with MNCs as are the companies themselves. By no means are all host nations fearful or resentful of the multinational corporation: Singapore, for example, has been shrewd and self-confident in attracting balanced investment from all the major industrialized nations of the West on highly satisfactory terms. Primarily, it is the developing nations whose economies are overwhelmingly dominated by a few MNCs (generally in the extractive industries) that are—or feel—vulnerable.

Yet the issue is far broader than whether the multinational corporation performs responsibly in the interests of developing nations. Even when the foreign investor tries to behave responsibly—as, for example, by offering superior wages and conditions of work—its impact on the host nation can be disruptive; it may distort the local job market and make the poor *relatively* poorer. Also, by its behavior, the multinational corporation may involve the governments of the home and host nations in conflicts that neither sought.

Clearly, the United Nations is interested in the subject in its political, economic, social, and cultural dimensions. The environmental aspect is being almost entirely ignored. Yet the role of the

**Multinational Corporations in World Development,* prepared by the Department of Economic and Social Affairs of the U.N. Secretariat, 103 pp. of text, 90 pp. of annexes, $10. (Available from the U.N. Sales Office, Document ST/ECA/190; sales no. E.73 II.A 11.)

A Personal Report of an Opinion Survey

Never before had a pollster sought our opinion on a public issue. Then one did, and on a matter of some interest to this newsletter.

The Marketing and Research Company of Dallas, which the caller described as an independent opinion-measuring firm, telephoned us at home in the evening and, after preliminary courtesies, a sweet-sounding lady said:

"Some people say that air-pollution laws are causing an energy shortage. Do you agree or disagree?"

We started to offer a homily on oversimplifying complex issues, checked ourselves, and said, "No opinion." Next we were asked, "Do you expect the shortage to affect you personally?" That was easy: "Yes." There followed a series of less interesting but significant questions: "When did you last buy gasoline? Have you ever had trouble obtaining the gasoline you needed? Have you read a national magazine within the last two days? Which one(s)? Have you watched a news or documentary program on television within the last two days?"

Then the sweet-sounding lady asked :"On a scale of +5 to −5, what is your opinion of the oil companies?" "Which companies on what issues?" we responded unthinkingly. "Just your general impression," she said. "If you don't want to answer, we'll put you down as zero."

That over, the lady stated, "Now on the same scale, I'd like your opinion of five specific oil companies which I will name: Exxon, Shell, Texaco, Gulf, and Mobil."

The purpose of this question was transparently to check whether average scores here would correspond to those for the faceless "industry" as a whole. So we entered into the spirit of the thing and offered perfectly arbitrary, totally prejudiced scores, rewarding two companies that had once given us small grants, blackballing one for its role in white-controlled Africa, another for its labor relations, and a third because we disliked their TV commercials. After a few more routine questions about income and age brackets, the interview was over.

One can only surmise why this poll was conducted. Yet it is difficult to escape the conclusion that, if the oil companies get the results they are looking for, the country can expect a major advertising campaign in the national media blaming the energy shortage on the environmentalists.

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The Debate Over the Multinational Corporation (MNC) in Relation to the Developing Nations

ITS PROPONENTS SAY	*ITS CRITICS SAY*
By focusing on economic rationality, the MNC represents the interests of all against the parochial interests of separate nations. It is the most effective available counter to rampant nationalism and a concept of sovereignty made obsolescent by the intensity of nations' interdependence.	The MNC is an invasion of sovereignty and removes a significant part of the national economy of the host nation from responsible political control. The MNC exercises improper political influence and frustrates national economic policies. It enflames nationalism and heightens tensions.
The MNC has proven the only really effective instrument for economic development.	The interests of the individual subsidiaries and their host nations are sacrificed to those of the parent company.
The MNC enhances competition, breaks local monopolies, and stimulates entrepreneurial activity. To the consumer it provides a better product at a lower cost. At the same time the MNC gets blamed for anything that goes wrong anywhere it is operating.	Its sheer size and scope represent unfair competition to local enterprises. It tends to pre-empt the fast-growing, advanced-technology industries in which profits are highest, ignoring older, more competitive fields.
No more effective instrument has been found for the diffusion of technology... not merely advanced scientifically based techniques but also the broad application of ideas, managerial and productive skills, systems for accomplishing goals, and the training of leaders.	The transfer of technology is often minimal because (a) R&D is generally carried out by the parent company; (b) the training of nationals of the host country for positions of responsibility is widely neglected; (c) the technology itself is often closely held or unsuited. Also, the MNC may be an exporter of pollution.
The MNC is the most promising instrument for the transfer of capital to the developing world, and its role will be crucial in overcoming the income gap that endangers the peace of the world.	The capital is costly, and profits are often exorbitantly high. Real profits are manipulated to avoid taxation, and too low a proportion of them is reinvested.
The MNC's integrated and rationalized operations in many lands make it incomparably efficient.	Developing nations are interested not in global efficiency, but in the creation of jobs and intermediate technology, which the MNC does poorly.
Management of the MNC is becoming increasingly flexible, sensitive to local customs, and genuinely international in fact and in spirit. The host countries are often at fault for threatening confiscation and for constantly changing the rules of the game.	If the strength of the MNC lies in integrated operations and centralized control, the interests of the parent company must remain dominant and the MNC cannot ever become genuinely international. Often, the MNC resists genuine internationalization by (a) insisting on 100 percent control and (b) declining to put host nationals into top management.
The MNC is an agent of change that is altering value systems, social attitudes, and behavior patterns in ways that will ultimately reduce barriers to communications between peoples and establish the basis for a stable world order. Opposition to the MNC arises essentially from the fact that the process is inevitably disruptive and that all change is resented.	Developing countries want to preserve their cultures and traditions—not to be homogenized. Far from breaking down barriers between peoples, the MNC aggravates tensions and stimulates nationalism. Moreover, there is every indication that these tendencies are intensifying. The MNC is the modern world's instrument of colonialism.

multinational corporation as spreader of pollution and as manager of natural resources deserves attention. Will MNCs press willing nations to accept high-pollution industries? What happens when a change of government or a new awareness changes the climate of opinion?

At the Algiers conference of nonaligned nations, stress was placed on developing nations gaining full control of their natural resources as well as the right to nationalize foreign holdings and to determine compensation. Because this process is already well underway—and because manufacturing in the Third World is increasing—the relative importance of the MNC in the area of natural resources is declining. Nevertheless, rates and kinds of exploitation of natural resources have been one of the major areas of conflict between multinational corporations and host nations. Some companies have bought up mining properties for no other purpose than to keep them off the market. In the remarkably recent past, when there was a world oil surplus, the producing nations were incensed because the companies would not increase production fast enough. What will happen to the developing nations when their non-renewable resources begin to run out or become less profitable to mine? Or, conversely, what may happen to world ore prices if it proves practicable and profitable for high-technology MNCs to mine the ocean floor?

These questions, like the others being asked by the U.N. committee, do not lend themselves to easy answers. But whether or not the United Nations succeeds in curbing the more arbitrary powers of the multinational corporation, a useful purpose will have been served by the investigation. It brings into the political forum an issue of prime importance that for too long has been discussed in academic circles or in a very limited context. One can hope that a code of conduct and some instrument of conciliation might emerge. At the very least, the study will add to the sophistication of small countries in dealing with the multinational corporation and focus public attention on one of the world's most dangerous anachronisms: unprecedented power without defined responsibility.

Global Report

Vienna—A new law here stipulates that any tree cut down at a construction site must be replaced. If the builder does not have sufficient space on his own property, he is required to plant and

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maintain a tree on municipal land for every one cut down. Builders who fell a tree unlawfully can lose their building permits.

Bangkok—Pollution—not just here in the capital but also in rural Thailand—has become a political issue sufficient to cause the threatened resignation of a government minister. The focus of protest is the Mae Klong, a major river in western Thailand, which has become so polluted that it threatens the lives of several hundred thousand people who dwell along its banks and is endangering the lucrative tourist industry along the country's east coast.

The principal offenders have been sugar mills. When a group of university students gathered documented evidence of the effects of their dumping, the government was finally forced to act. Besides issuing a warning to the sugar mills, the minister of industry, Kris Sivara, proposed a government appropriation of nearly $1 million to construct waste treatment facilities for the mills. The Bangkok press demanded to know why the taxpayer should subsidize the mills, which went unpunished, and accused the minister of having financial interests in the mills.

Stockholm—In recent years discussion of forestry practices has been a major preoccupation in Sweden. When the Swedish Society for the Conservation of Nature published its *Year Book* for 1973, its sixty-fourth edition, no less than twenty articles were devoted to forestry.

Approximately half the authors discussed or mentioned the contentious issue of clear-cutting, and surprisingly—given the sponsorship—almost all favored it. According to an English summary provided by the publisher, one writer declared that "given the climatic conditions for Swedish forestry, clear-felling is essential for the creation of new stands. Hard-won experience has proved this." Another argued that "clear-felling is necessary simply on biological grounds." The economic advantages were not mentioned. Other authors went no further than to warn that the ecological impact of clear-felling needs more study and that the size of clear-cut areas should be restricted.

Population: Target Nations

Some measure of what the World Population Year (1974) and the World Population Conference need to accomplish is indicated by the fact that, of nearly 120 developing countries, only thirty-one have policies favoring a lower rate of population growth; an additional twenty-eight support family planning in the interest of maternal and child health and the reduction of abortion, but not for demographic reasons. The remaining nations (more than sixty in all) are indifferent or actively opposed. It should be emphasized that countries have been categorized below on the basis of each government's stated, official policy, which in some cases may be misleading. Thus, for example, Mexico (in the second category) is now pursuing family planning with a lot more zeal than is Bangladesh (category one), where a backlash against limiting births occurred at the time of independence. Moreover, in some of the countries in the third category, family-planning services provided by private agencies are tolerated by the government.

Official policy to reduce the population growth rate	*Official support of family-planning activities for non-demographic reasons*	*Principal countries that are neutral or hostile to family planning*
Bangladesh	Afghanistan	Argentina
Barbados	Algeria	Brazil
Botswana	Bolivia	Burma
Colombia	Chile	Burundi
China	Costa Rica	Cameroon
Dominican Republic	Cuba	Central Afr. Rep.
Egypt	Dahomey	Chad
Fiji	Ecuador	Congo
Gilbert and Ellice Islands	Gambia	Cyprus
Ghana	Guatemala	Ethiopia
India	Haiti	Gabon
Indonesia	Honduras	Guinea
Iran	Hong Kong	Guyana
Jamaica	Iraq	Ivory Coast
Kenya	Mexico	Jordan
Laos	Nicaragua	Khmer Republic
Malaysia (West)	Nigeria	Lebanon
Mauritius	North Vietnam	Liberia
Morocco	Panama	Madagascar
Nepal	Paraguay	Malawi
Pakistan	Rhodesia	Maldives
Philippines	South Africa	Mali
Puerto Rico	South Vietnam	Mauritania
Singapore	Sudan	Mongolia
South Korea	Tanzania	Niger
Sri Lanka	Uganda	Peru
Taiwan	Venezuela	Rwanda
Thailand	Western Samoa	Senegal
Trinidad and Tobago		Sierra Leone
Tunisia		Somalia
Turkey		Syria
		Togo
		Upper Volta
		Uruguay
		Yemen
		Zaire
		Zambia

Source: "Population and Family-Planning Programs: A Factbook" (fifth ed.), Dorothy Nortman, editor. Published by the Population Council, New York.

Peking—According to a global report prepared for this month's conference of the Food and Agricultural Organization, 78 percent of China's cropland is now irrigated, compared with only 16 percent in 1952. In the off-season an estimated 25 *billion* man days are employed annually in an effort to make China completely immune from floods and droughts.

Nevertheless, the report states that "China's agriculture is not moving as fast as the government desires. The overall levels of production are not yet high enough. In many places development is not balanced, and quality often leaves much to be desired. Many farm units are still not fulfilling their targets and, in spite of a great deal of sustained capital construction, China's agriculture is not yet fully protected against natural calamities. There are still threats of drought, waterlogging, floods, and pests. The irrigation facili-

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ties in hill areas are not yet sufficient. The extent and quality of agricultural training and extension are not yet satisfactory."

New York—In addition to the dirty crankcase oil that reaches rivers and oceans from street runoff and simply by being dumped down sewers, an estimated 200 million gallons of used oil from automobiles are applied to dirt roads and parking lots in the United States to keep down dust. The ecological impact is unknown, but one study has indicated that only 1 percent of the total oil applied to a particular road remains in the top inch of the road surface. Not surprisingly, therefore, the Environmental Protection Agency considers the use of oil as a dust suppressant to be inefficient; the oil emulsifies quickly in rainstorms. Since crankcase oil contains a variety of metals, especially lead (about 1 percent by weight), the environmental consequences could be significant. The Council on the Environment of New York City is conducting a study to find out how significant.

Bonn—Although forests are expanding and now amount to 29 percent of West Germany's land area, environmentalists and hydrologists are not impressed. The increase is almost entirely in commercial softwood forests in remote areas. Two hundred square miles of critical woodland are said to be expiring each year to make room for roads, housing, and industry.

In the celebrated Black Forest, 700 springs have ceased to flow as a result of destruction of woodland. In the Rhine and Ruhr regions, where woods are urgently needed for their capacity to cleanse the air, pollution is getting the upper hand; 100,000 acres of woodland located on the outskirts of cities are succumbing.

As with so many countries after the situation has become "alarming," Germany is beginning to realize the importance of trees in the ecosystem—perhaps especially in an ecosystem dominated by industry.

Ibadan, Nigeria—Increasingly, family-planning efforts are directed toward closer integration with the work of those involved in family welfare generally—social workers, nutrition officers, agricultural extension workers, and health officers. Thus representatives of these professions in six English-speaking West African countries met here to discuss common goals and to coordinate planning and training. A similar meeting was held a year ago in Mombasa, Kenya; participants there came from nine countries of eastern and southern Africa.

Much is to be gained by the community approach, wherein unwanted birth is seen as merely one of a related group of family and community problems: It disarms the opponents of family planning; and by gaining the support of others concerned with welfare, the reach of family-planning workers is extended.

Louisville—This city is among the latest to prove that rehabilitation of a downtown urban center can be a civic, esthetic, and commercial success. The River City Mall, dedicated this summer, has raised local pride and reversed the flow of retailing toward the suburbs. Local merchants are delighted.

Bangkok—The Asian Institute of Technology was established here in 1959. Since 1969 it has had a department of environmental engineering—a rare thing in Asia—and has conducted more than thirty-two research projects, most of them by graduate students. Significantly, a large majority of the studies relate to the problem of providing, at reasonable cost, a safe, adequate water supply to rural communities—described by the institute as "still the most urgent problem of developing countries."

World Environment News

A proposal to establish an International Environment News Service designed for the United States and Canada and serving as a pilot program for other developed countries has been warmly endorsed by Maurice F. Strong, executive director of the U.N. Environment Program (UNEP). The service would be funded initially by foundations and corporations but is expected to become self-supporting. Its clients would be the news media, non-governmental organizations, business, and the academic, scientific, and educational communities.

Plans for the service have been developed by Whitman Bassow, senior public affairs officer of UNEP and an experienced journalist (United Press International, C.B.S., *Newsweek*). They are based on extensive interviews throughout the United States to determine whether the need for such a service exists. Bassow's favorable report and recommendations have been circulating within the United Nations and other concerned organizations for several weeks.

Administratively, the service is expected to be placed under the wing of the U.N. Association of the U.S.A., a non-profit organization with 80,000 members in 175 chapters throughout the country.

Strong support for the project comes not only from environmentalists but also from those who see the environment issue as a means of raising the stature of the United Nations in the eyes of the American people. This would be accomplished by showing that the United Nations "is really doing something important" in an area of direct concern to North Americans. The service would not, however, be limited to reporting on UNEP and other U.N. agencies involved with the environment. Its publications and information services would cover all major international developments, as well as significant activities in individual countries. The service would also be designed to meet the very diverse requirements of its various potential clients.

Environment Peace Corps

The Smithsonian Institution has its own peace corps especially for the environment. Several hundred professional biologists, botanists, ecologists, soil scientists, entomologists, and others with relevant skills are serving in more than forty developing countries. But the demand for volunteers with such specialized knowledge far outruns the supply.

Below, under broad generic headings, are the countries that are currently seeking assistance in filling particular jobs:

Wildlife Ecology/Management—Chile, Philippines, Niger, Cameroon, Brazil, Ivory Coast, Venezuela, and Upper Volta.
Forestry—Costa Rica, Philippines, Ecuador, Venezuela, Honduras, and Colombia.
University-Level Teaching—Ghana, El Salvador, and Malaysia.
Soil Science and Range Management—Philippines, Iran, Colombia, Tunisia, Malawi, and Cameroon.
Marine Science/Fisheries—Chile, Zaire, Nicaragua, India, Dahomey, Niger, and El Salvador.
National Parks—Venezuela, Philippines, Niger, Ivory Coast, Cameroon, Colombia, and Upper Volta.
Entomology/Pest Control—Tonga, Colombia, Uruguay, Liberia, Ghana, Fiji, and Honduras.
Air, Land, and Water Resource Management—Botswana, Chile, Colombia, Peru, Nicaragua, Philippines, Brazil, and Ivory Coast.
Botany/Plant Pathology—Brazil, Upper Volta, Colombia, Tonga, Chile, Venezuela, and Malawi.
Zoology—Brazil, Venezuela, and Korea.

(For further information, write Robert K. Poole, Office of Ecology, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560.)

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Birgit Nilsson and Other Amenities of Perth, Australia

By Irving Kolodin

Perth, Australia

Birgit Nilsson is that rare singer who takes with her wherever she goes the day's standard of quality in a whole segment of the vocalist's art. Her first tour to Australia in September–October has been an occasion for the music lovers of the whole continent to cherish. This is a part of the world where the major Wagner operas are rarely heard and, on the Nilsson level, practically never. There may be some aging music lovers in Sydney and Melbourne who recall the visit of Kirsten Flagstad in 1936, but the like of Nilsson with orchestra has not previously been heard in the south (Adelaide) or the west (Perth).

Clearly Nilsson would not be in Australia at this time had she not participated in the opening of the concert hall of the Sydney Opera House. But that much-discussed, long-deferred, celebrated, denigrated construction has even broader bearings on her appearances elsewhere in Australia. It is no mere coincidence that both Perth and Adelaide have dedicated new concert halls this year. Example breeds emulation the world around, and the lavish initiative in Sydney is no exception. Those in Perth and Adelaide are considerably less lavish, but no less positive, contributions to the creation of a continentwide cultural network that will tie together this widely dispersed but interdependent society.

For the first time the best representatives of worldwide performing skills and artistry can plot a course across Australia from east or west, rather than be confined to the great population centers on the Pacific side. Much as this serves commercial convenience for the performer, it serves even more strongly the promotion of local ends by bringing the Nilssons, de los Angeleses, and Ashkenazys of the world to places where they might not otherwise appear. Given the stimulus of such visitors, it is a reasonable presumption that for every Melba, Percy Grainger, John Brownlee, or Joan Sutherland who has emerged in the past from Melbourne or Sydney, there will be two, three, or four others from the south and west, as well as east, to Australia's and the world's gain.

The lure of a new interest in Perth provided not only a welcome opportunity for reacquaintance, in unfamiliar surroundings, with Nilsson's breadth of sound and grandeur of style in favorite works of Gluck, Beethoven, Wagner (the Liebestod, of course) and Verdi ("Pace pace" from *La Forza del destino* as an "extra" for the deliriously happy audience) but also for appraisal of the present state of the Kirov Leningrad Ballet. The broad, shallow, hard-floored stage of the 1800-seat concert hall served the needs of Nilsson and the Western Australian Symphony, conducted by Henry Krips, better than the requirements of the touring Russians. But even its encroaching walls left little doubt that in Mikhail Barishnikov the Kirov has a twenty-five-year-old crowd pleaser who may come to rival Nureyev, especially if he can be prevailed upon to stay, and mature, at home. Barishnikov is less a balletic bounder or leaper than he is a flyer, capable of long, arching parabolas or the most graceful of multiple aerial turns.

With or without such professional pleasures, the visit to Perth allowed for the memorable discovery that it is perhaps the most beautifully situated of Australian cities, entitled to a place among other such favorites of the world as Vancouver, San Francisco, and Rio. All have in common the presence of abundant water. In Perth it is not only the broad (at this point) Swan River but the Indian Ocean as well. Local residents who have not ventured too far from home are fond of saying, "It's like California, isn't it?" A comparison with most of California is on the libelous side for Perth, where sailing on the Swan can be a lunchtime diversion, and the sandy beaches by the surf are closer to the center of town than Santa Monica is to Hollywood and Vine.

Perth is basically an administrative rather than a commercial community, with many of the 700,000 inhabitants employed in the functions that go with its place as capital of the huge, productive spaces of western Australia. Civic leaders are restlessly aware that there is such a thing as pollution to be reckoned with; yet it is nearly non-existent in this "open" city, with little manufacturing and a free flow of air from all sides. Proximity to the ocean may bring with it gale winds at unexpected intervals, but the gale winds also bring drenching quantities of rain, which cleanse the air and renew the greenery.

This play of the elements may explain why the terrain is fertile enough to support growth of all kinds, but a jealous sense of community pride preserves the riverbanks for parkland and converts the 7000 kinds of wild flowers found in the region from a statistic to an adornment. In addition Perth has one of the prime educational institutions of the Southern Hemisphere in the University of Western Australia, whose tree-shaded campus does indeed suggest Palo Alto. The community is spawning a ballet company, under the direction of the experienced Rex Reed, that may attain more than local repute. All this, the Kirov, and Nilsson, too? The overseas jets come and go regularly at the Perth airport, only five miles from the concert hall. □

The orchestra rehearses for the opening of the Perth Concert Hall.

Mike Brown

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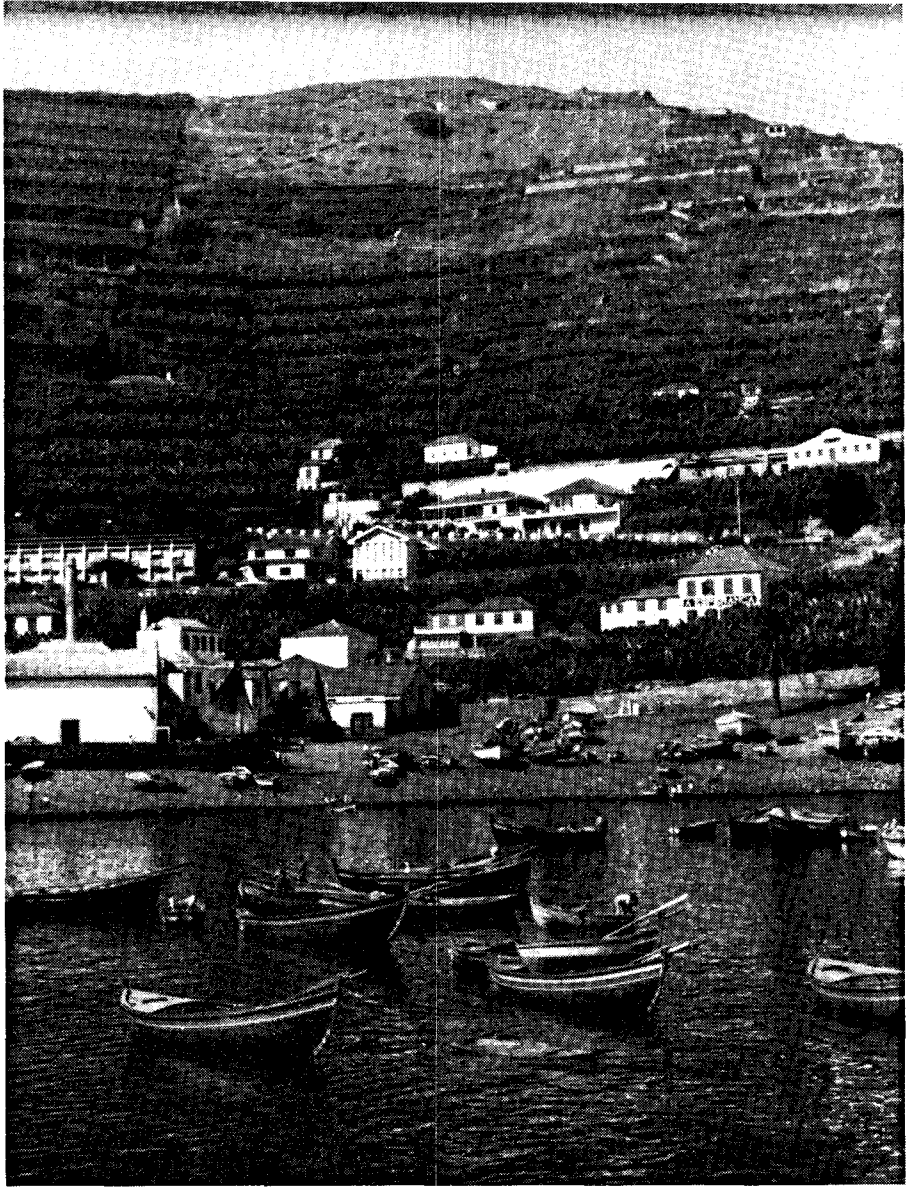
Have Some Madeira, M'Dear

By Horace Sutton



H.S.
Câmara de Lôbos—"Blue-eyed children and recollections of Winston Churchill. . . ."

In their relentless combing of the world, looking always for some new, some unbidden land where the air is sweet, the skies fair, the people friendly, is there a place Americans have overlooked? Yes, and an obvious place, too, an island discovered by the Portuguese more than seven decades before Columbus looked in on the New World. It is an island long coveted, twice occupied, and still revered by the British, who find a certain solace there in the warm sun and the cheering wine. What else could this place be but Madeira, a thirty-five-mile-long island that bursts with more flowers than Hawaii; an island of magnificent mountain views that rival those of America's western national parks; an island of postcard fishing villages, thatched-roof highland houses inhabited by peasant farmers who still affect a rural dress?

Madeira has long catered the needs and pleasures of the traveler, an arrangement that through centuries has bred no discernible envy or loathing. So handy to Africa—it lies dead west of the coast of Morocco—and so near to Europe, it long ago became a staging area where travelers who had spent long periods in Africa could pass some intervening weeks in the amiable decompression chamber that Madeira provided.

The island, which the Portuguese had found uninhabited and which they so successfully colonized, has long been coveted by other European nations. It was part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza when that Portuguese lady married Charles II of England. But the king needed money, not islands, and he asked instead not for an outright grant of the real estate but for cash and the right to trade in Madeira's sugar and wine. During the Napoleonic Wars the English families, descended from the first traders, feared a French attack, and they asked London to dispatch a force to defend them. Twice the English sent troops to occupy the islands until at last Madeira pleaded with the king of Portugal to dislodge them.

It was the English traders and invaders who bequeathed the island its many blue-eyed children, who are seen among the dark Latin and Moorish faces. The British names on shops and industries are a legacy, too, and so is Reid's, the quintessential British hotel abroad, owned for six generations by the Blandy family, which descends from a Scottish soldier who was on his way to serve in Africa (he got a look at Madeira en route and decided to stay).

Madeira remains a British refuge from the cold, gray winters of the blessed realm. To this day the English book rooms at Reid's, take afternoon tea on the terrace, admire the flowers in the splendid gardens, and, of course, dress for dinner. With just 170 rooms and fifteen suites, Reid's has tried mightily to keep up with the competition. It no longer hand-carries its clients in swaying hammocks up and down the steep cliff walks to the sea, but it maintains a platoon of attendants down by the water, and it still keeps a lifeguard in a boat to follow a guest who swims out into the Atlantic waters too far from the shore.

Soon Madeira will be no private English preserve. The brand-new airport, with its restaurants and shops and spacious waiting areas, is the signal of new times. The jets come down from Lisbon in eighty minutes, but the mountainous island that rises out of the sea like half a cantaloupe turned upside down leaves little room for long runways. Even the existing strip, fashioned out of a sheared-off mountain, gives the arriving passenger—perhaps

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even the arriving pilot—the sensation of putting wheels down on an aircraft carrier. Some engineering feat similar to the airports constructed in the sea at Hong Kong and Tahiti will have to be accomplished before the big jets can come in to disgorge the armies of tourists that would erase forever the flowery solitude of Madeira.

On the other hand the sight of the cranes that rise along the shoreline west of Funchal, the capital, is an indication that Madeira could, in time, succumb to the pressures that turned parts of Hawaii from lyric paradise to frantic tourist mill. Reid's already has a neighboring Sheraton, an enormous Miami Beach extravaganza complete with tower and an assortment of pools on three levels. The sea-level pool has an apron of Astroturf or a reasonably exact facsimile. A snack bar serves a catch-as-catch-can lunch that bears no relation, say, to the extravaganzas put on at Eden Roc, which, like Madeira's hotels, has a pool but no beach.

Full of architectural fanfares and bravuras, the Madeira Sheraton is a valiant effort, perhaps a vainglorious one, like the Fontainebleau at Miami Beach. It may have the amenities, even the flair, to appeal to many (try to get a room at the Fontainebleau in February), but alas, it doesn't approach the splendid taste of the new Sheraton in Lisbon.

With the elegant Reid's on one side, the Sheraton is flanked on the other by the seasoned Savoy, which has two pools at oceanside, as well as a long pier that reaches out into the Atlantic. On the lowest level, geographically anyway, there is a pleasant lunch, not quite as pricey (as the British are so fond of saying) as the Sheraton's, at the Savoy's waterside Restaurant Neptunus. You can figure about a dollar an open sandwich, a bit more for *frango à Mexicana*, described as southern-fried chicken, which comes with bananas, sweet corn, and tomatoes. The main dining room, on the highest level, with its rows and rows of tables disappearing into the distance, brought me a twinge of recollection. For all the world, there stood the dining room at Grossinger's, worlds away in the Catskill Alps.

For a short time Madeira also had a Hilton; but the Hilton people say they couldn't fill it because the airport wasn't large enough to accommodate the big planes, which would assumedly bring in the crowds. I'm not about to get into *that* altercation; but whatever the reason, the owners summoned the people who run the Palacio in Estoril, and the one-time Madeira Hilton has emerged as the Madeira Palacio.

I haven't much that's jolly to say about the Palacio in Estoril, but the Madeira Palacio is a new and quiet gem, done in just the right taste—no flamboyance, just comfortable rooms, attractive design, a splendid view of the sea, and such anticipated equipment as a pair of tennis courts, a pool, a nightclub, and—in the American style—a coffee shop. The restaurant, under the command of a Lisbon chef, does admirably with an international cuisine, although few Portuguese dishes are on the menu, unless one could include the marvelous pineapples from the Azores and the local fish, black *espada* (called scabbard fish).

Most of the *espada* is caught by the fishermen of Câmara de Lôbos, a village swimming in *National Geographic* charm. Only a short ride from the Palacio, the village still lives in the glory of Winston Churchill, who came here in the Fifties to paint the harbor. The fishermen sail with the dusk—from the hotel terraces you can see them in the gloaming, edging out in their open boats toward the deep water—and come back by daylight. In the afternoon the harbor is a clutter of blue, green, and white boats, a playground for children, who splash in the sea and clamber over the gunwales of the craft at anchor.

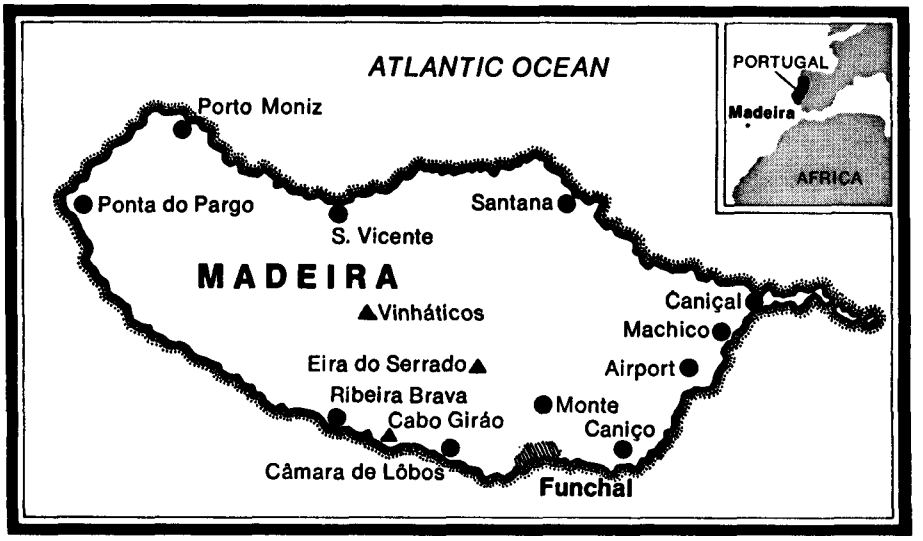
IT IS PLEASANT to go for lunch at either of the two restaurants in the village square, neither of them at all pretentious and both serving shrimp, mussels, *caldeirada* (the Portuguese bouillabaisse), grilled sardines, octopus, lobster for those who have the price (about $7 a pound), and, of course, *espada*. A luncheon, if you don't contract for a lobster, will cost about $3 in either Ribamar (the bar is a retired fishing boat) or the Coral (done in fishnet and stark wood).

Although there are no grazing lands on Madeira, the beef, while in short supply, is excellent. The slopes are too steep to permit any lowing herd to wind slowly o'er any lea. The cows are kept in one-to-a-barn quarters, and their meals are delivered to *them*. The bulls are slaughtered young; but the cows are kept for milk and for dung, which fertilizes the splendid green fields.

However strange that arrangement may sound, beef on the spit is a great island specialty. The chunks of meat are not marinated but rubbed with bay leaf and garlic, broiled over a wood fire, and brought to the table *en brochette*, where they are hung on racks in front of the diners. That gastronomic exercise is called *espetada*, and a good place to find it is in the hills above Funchal in a happy-go-lucky broileria called A Seta. The house is also known for its *bolo do caco*, a crusty native bread, brought hot to the table. The roast cod, cooked with onions and peppers, is interesting enough for a onetime try. The Portuguese cooks are said to know 300 different ways to handle cod, which is called *bacalhau*. In the Spartan existence imposed for a time by the late chief of state, Antonio Salazar, there was even a *bacalhau* named for him. It was made mainly of potatoes with only a passing reference to fish.

On backward glance I should have awarded Funchal more than the fragmented day or so I allowed it. There wasn't enough time to wander in leisure through the beautiful park or time enough to stand and savor, until I was

Bob Pelletier



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satiated, the flower market, where the ladies done up in native dress proffer bouquets of bird of paradise, bright blue agapanthus (also known as flower of love), and white orchids ($2.50 the bunch), which smell like sweet chocolate.

There wasn't nearly enough time to probe the lore of Madeira wine as deeply as I might have liked, but I was among the bottles and casks long enough to determine that there are four types of madeira: *malmsey*, the sweet wine first introduced from Cyprus and Crete in the fifteenth century; *boal*, the medium sweet; *verdelho*, the medium dry; and *sercial*, the dry, which makes an excellent *apéritif*.

All of Madeira's wines, indeed, all of the island's handicraft, as well as many of the artistic creations from other parts of Portugal, are on display at Casa do Turista. Despite its unfortunate name, the Casa is surely one of the world's most beautiful stores—rooms upon rooms of table settings using Madeira lace, Portuguese porcelain and ceramics, brilliant flower arrangements erupting from bowls at every turning. There is a special cave for tasting Madeira (and special glasses to drink it from), as well as sugar-cane brandy, which is cheap enough at $7 for a bottle of twenty year old or $20 for a seventy year old.

THE POTTERY from the Azores, in geometric patterns and unusual colors, is worth a look in the Casa's country corner. That nook also contains a full-sized cottage of the type seen in Santana, a village in the north.

Santana itself is worth the long, bumpy ride from Funchal, for it is a fairy-tale village perched among the fertile green fields at 2433 feet. The houses are A-frames painted in bright colors and covered with thatched roofs woven of wheat straw. Somewhere in those lush fields grow the corn, the potatoes, the yams, the sugar cane, the oranges, pears, apples, custard apples, passion fruit, mangoes, and avocados.

The tour guides will often send you clear to Porto Moniz on the northwestern tip of the island, probably because it has a restaurant and some pools built among the lava rocks. A swim there will leave the bather feeling as if he has had a dip in a water-filled crater of the moon. Neither the table nor the plunge is worth the jolting journey to this lonely land's end, and I would sooner see you turn back at São Vicente to cross the spine of the island and return to the south shore. The mountain roads are bordered with blue agapanthus and blue hydrangeas that blossom in clusters six feet high. In winter the hydrangeas and agapanthus are gone, but the wild gladioli are out, and so are the calla lilies.

There is a splendid little *pousada*, a mountain inn hidden among the peaks at Vinháticos. The view from the esplanade sweeps over the terraced, emerald valley. The ear picks up the crow of a cock from a village far below; the eye, a squadron of white pigeons flying a soundless sortie high over the canyon. There isn't much to do at Vinháticos except watch the wispy cotton tufts of clouds drifting over the landscape, admire an occasional rainbow arching over the pines, or read a book. There is a bar in the *pousada*'s lower level and even a special restaurant in a converted garage for grilling *espetada*. The rooms—there are only four of them—are lovely, and the price, including private bath and all meals, at $17 a day for two, is about the biggest, if least accessible, buy in Europe.

One could skip the short trip from Funchal to see the view from Pico dos Barcelos; but it's worth the ride into the eucalyptus and pine forests of the highlands, where the loggers wear wool hats with ear flaps even in the middle of summer. A short forest walk leads from the road to the rustic picnic tables at Eira do Serrado, which may be a nice place to have lunch if you don't mind the view —a 3000-foot sheer drop straight into a ravine.

Monte is a more gentle mountain town, where the elderly males in their black fedoras sit around the shaded benches that ring the gazebo, the focal point of the plaza. At the Quinta do Monte, in the cool of this mountain resort, the emperor of Austria endured a year of exile before expiring in 1922.

From Monte one can hurtle down to Funchal in one of Madeira's celebrated sleds, a padded wicker basket with runners that rides at considerable speed over the cobbles. The route follows an old railway that long ago hauled passengers uphill so they could slide down. The railway has disappeared into ancient history, but the sleds remain, piloted by two *gondolieri*—if I may call them that—who brake the sleds with ropes when the fragile vehicles gather too much speed. The sledmen also deliver throaty imitations of car horns upon approaching cross streets. The cars that speed uphill, in the opposite direction from the downhill racers, are a bit of a hazard, and Madeira might well make up its mind whether it will vote in favor of speed and progress or quaint tradition.

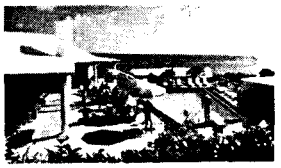
ON AN ISLAND so small, where no square inch of land is wasted, it is difficult to conceive of a corner that remains neither planted nor developed. But entrepreneurs' eyes are keener than those of other mortals. North of the new airport, and just two kilometers from Machico, a whole new enterprise has sprung out of the barren earth. An orderly regiment of small vacation villas marches up the hillside, each of them facing the sun and the sea and all available to be rented from their owners. The complex includes a yacht club and what is surely the world's fanciest bridge club, equipped with gilded washbasins in the ladies' and men's rooms, a fireplace of basalt bricks, and a terrarium rising like a rain forest in the middle of the lobby.

Next door stands the enormous hulk of the Holiday Inn, with more than 300 rooms, a heated indoor pool with a sunroof in the lobby, and a striking bar next to the outdoor pool, all white save for its powder-blue ceiling and silver tiles. The Algarve Restaurant is a splendor of creamy orange, while the hotel's Madeira Restaurant, with its views of the hills sloping toward the ceiling, is done in a delicate contrast of brown and rose.

Surely there is no Holiday Inn in all the world to equal it; yet in what was the middle of Europe's busiest season the inn was as empty as Yankee Stadium in March. Like the rest of Madeira, it waits, breathless as an overlooked starlet who has spent a fortune on a wardrobe, to be discovered by an adoring public.

At Machico on the east coast where Portuguese first landed, the Hotel Dom Pedro is full. Its European clients have long known the joys of Madeira, an island that still pines for Americans. □

BERMUDA



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Record Notes

THE ART OF THE SAVOYARD: Richard Temple, Walter Passmore, Sir Henry Lytton, et al. Pearl, three LPs, $20.94.

This album documents the recordings of artists who appeared at the Savoy Theater when Sullivan and/or Gilbert were still in nominal charge of the theater's productions. "It is hoped," say its sponsors, "that the presentation of so many performances thus reflecting the direct influence of the authors themselves will together suggest how the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were sung in the earliest days of their success."

The fruitful period of G & S collaboration ran from 1875 (*Trial by Jury*) to 1889 (*The Gondoliers*). Thereafter the partnership foundered on the rocks of personal quarrels and flagging inspiration. Neither of the two comeback attempts—*Utopia, Limited* (1893) and *The Grand Duke* (1896)—made much impact. Meanwhile, the Savoy Theater had to be filled, and in 1895 there began a series of revivals of the original eleven operas. Sullivan continued to conduct the opening nights of these revivals, and Gilbert to supervise the staging until their deaths, in 1900 and 1911 respectively. Now, since commercial recording only began at the turn of the century, it will be seen that the phonograph's overlap with G & S is rather slight. Indeed, almost every performer in this album dates from the revivals of the 1890s or the early Edwardian repertory seasons.

The one notable and amazing exception is Richard Temple, a Londoner born in 1847, who played a leading role in every new G & S production from *The Sorcerer* in 1877 to *The Gondoliers* in 1889, as well as in many of the subsequent revivals. In 1902–03 he recorded two of his celebrated songs—"A More Humane Mikado" and "I Am a Pirate King"—for the Gramophone & Typewriter Co. They are here, and from them we can infer that Temple had a big, burly, black voice and that his renditions were remarkably straight (he does not, for example, go in for that fiendish, wheezing laugh much favored by later Mikados).

Though none of the others can rival Temple's claim to original-cast authenticity, many have deep roots in the Savoy tradition. There is Walter Passmore, who was a mainstay of the company from 1893 to 1903; C. H. Workman, Passmore's counterpart in the D'Oyly Carte touring company; and Isabel Jay, who performed in all the turn-of-the-century revivals (and whose 1904 recording of "Poor Wand'ring One" from *The Pirates* reveals a genuine coloratura of Sembrich-like solidity). And there is Henry Lytton, that most remarkable and talented of all Savoyards, who joined the company as a chorister in 1884 and was still active a half-century later. Lytton's post-1925 electrical recordings are justly celebrated; here we catch him in early and mid-career, from a 1902 version of Dr. Daly's song from *The Sorcerer* to a 1922 version of King Gama's "If You Give Me Your Attention," from *Princess Ida.*

In all truth, Lytton's records are the only ones in this voluminous collection that wholly stand up on their own. I am not convinced that recordings made away from the theater (and often years after the event) really reflect "the direct influence of the authors," nor do I subscribe to the notion that the creator of a role has any proprietary interpretative rights to it. Still, confirmed G & S fanatics will willingly endure the scratch and muffled sound of these old records for whatever faint glimmer they may yield of the Savoy Theater in its heyday.

•

WAGNER: DIE WALKÜRE, ACT 1: Helga Dernesch, William Cochran, Hans Sotin; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel, two LPs, $11.98.

The first act of *Die Walküre*—that passionate and lyrical drama within a drama—has led a charmed life on records. Aside from the several complete recordings of the opera, there are three separate versions of Act 1 alone: one from the 1930s with Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, and the Vienna Philharmonic, conducted by Bruno Walter; another from the 1950s with Kirsten Flagstad, Set Svanholm, and the same orchestra, conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch; and now this 1970s version conducted by Otto Klemperer.

The strengths of this recording are apparent in the storm-tossed prelude that depicts Siegmund's flight through an inhospitable forest. Those growling cellos and double basses have never sounded more sharply defined or the clamorous brasses more carefully articulated. Indeed, as long as the ear fastens on orchestral detail, this is an unfailingly solid and satisfying reading. But *Die Walküre* is first and foremost a singer's opera, and as a totality of voices and orchestra, the Klemperer rendering of Act 1 goes limp pretty quickly. The blame lies more with the conductor than with the singers. Klemperer's slow and unyielding pacing allows precious little scope for vocal acting. To be sure, Dernesch and Cochran are never going to efface memories of Lehmann or Melchior, but one suspects they could make a good deal more of their resources under a more pliant baton. As it is, we are left with a kind of Wagnerian oratorio—low in dramatic voltage but impressive nonetheless in its rigorous, granitic integrity.

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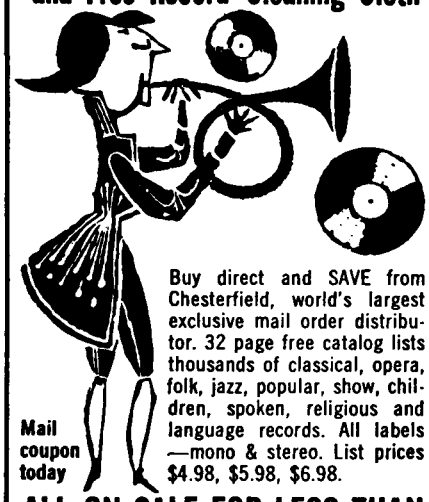

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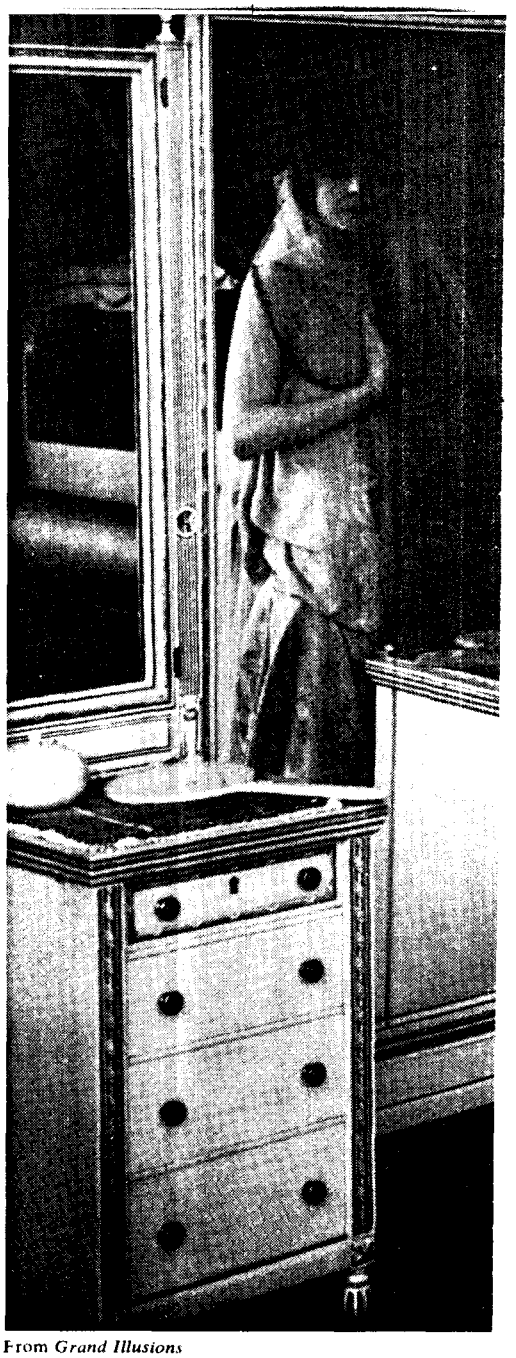
From *Barbara Morgan*

Barbara Morgan—Erik Hawkins in "El Penitente," 1940.



From *Grand Illusions*

Lillian Gish in

With a Camera Eye on Christmas

By Margaret R. Weiss

Over the years artbook publishers have let the fine photographic plate play Santa's helper in moving their deluxe, designed-for-giving tomes from counter to coffee table. More recently, the big picturebook concept has been democratized to include books about photography and the masters of the medium, as well as word-and-picture volumes in every literary mode and on subjects ranging from amphibian planes to zoo habitats.

This season's pictorial offerings are a random harvest of grab shots and glamour portraits, but in the main they reflect a common retrospective mood. There is a heart of old nestling within many of the newest 1973 jackets. Whether the camera is at work for a commemorative salute or a critical reassessment, the focus is on the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties. A mirror of changing styles and values, glimpses of familiar or forgotten landscapes, insights into the enduring lineaments of the past—all these are on view between covers for the perceptive browser and prospective buyer.

Here in brief exposure is a photographic baker's dozen ready for the gift wrap:

LOOKING AT PHOTOGRAPHS by John Szarkowski (Museum of Modern Art/New York Graphic Society, $15.00). The author declares that his "first purpose is to provide the material for simple delectation." And that he does. But he has also compiled a "visual interim report on the results of more than forty years of collecting photographs at The Museum of Modern Art." Suggesting something of the character and intent of that effort, the book's 100 prints project a taster's-choice sampling that would be equally at home on the bookshelf of student, collector, social historian, or general reader. That is no small feat for any work concerned with the "rich and ambiguous tradition" of a medium universally practiced though not yet fully appreciated.

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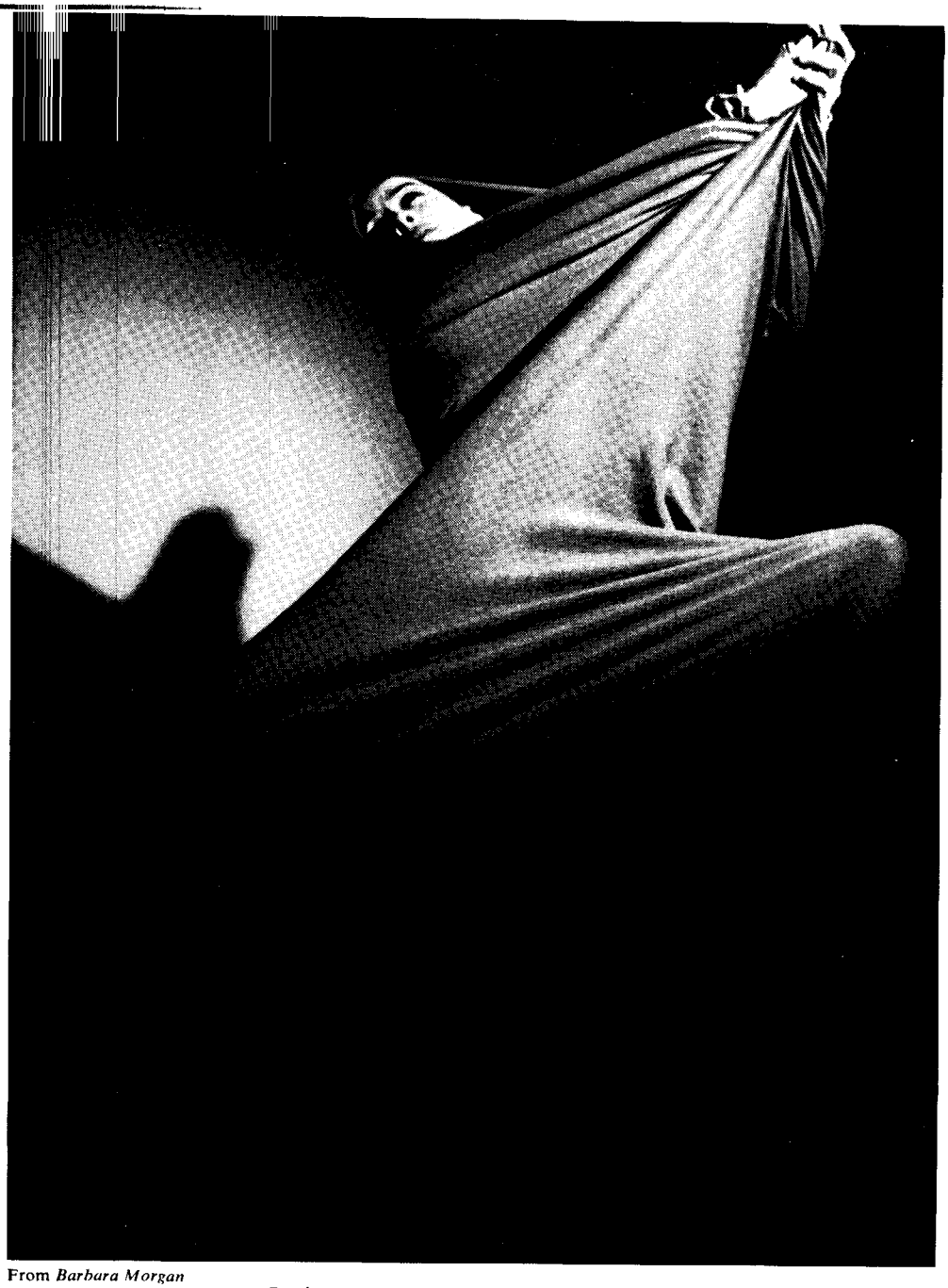
'The Lily and the Rose," 1915.



From *Barbara Morgan*

Barbara Morgan—Martha Graham in "Lamentation," 1935.

IN THIS PROUD LAND by Roy E. Stryker and Nancy Wood (New York Graphic Society, $15.00). Out of the bleak, barren years of the Depression came a rich crop of photographs—270,000 individual documents made by the Farm Security Administration camera team that Roy Stryker organized and directed. Assessing the period and the documentary project almost four decades later, Stryker offers his own selection of memorable FSA pictures. Seen in flashback, these early images by Walker Evans, Ben Shahn, Carl Mydans, Dorothea Lange, Russell Lee, John Vachon, among others, continue to speak for themselves in the basic lens language of the direct approach.

BARBARA MORGAN (Morgan & Morgan, $12.00). This appealing monograph shows what a little tender loving care can accomplish by way of quality reproduction. Capsuling a forty-year career into 124 representative prints, the book leaves no doubt that Barbara Morgan's world is one in which "all the atoms are dancing" and that her fine sense of visual dynamics is in full command whether her subjects are nature's forms, children at play, or exponents of modern dance.

MEN WITHOUT MASKS by August Sander (New York Graphic Society, $27.50). Legacy of a compulsive documentarian, this classic work is both a national portrait gallery and a study in the social perspectives of the Weimar Republic.

PEOPLE by Alfred Eisenstaedt (Viking, $17.95). After *Witness to Our Time* and *Witness to Nature,* Eisie's eye is now on the passing parade of *Life*-size personalities he recorded as that magazine's veteran staff photographer. But some of the best of his 400 subjects are the unknown faces that his lens has singled out and the pre-1936 coverage of events such as Dietrich's debut or the Hitler-Mussolini meeting in Venice.

TO A CABIN by Dorothea Lange and Margaretta K. Mitchell (Grossman, $15.00). Regrettably, Dorothea Lange did not live to finish her "gift of place" essay herself. But the spirit of the Lange life-in-process credo pervades this intimate little album, which was completed by a friend.

GRAND ILLUSIONS by Richard Lawton and Hugo Leckey (McGraw-Hill, $16.95). This sequel to *The Image-Makers* con-

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From *People*

Alfred Eisenstaedt—At the Amsterdam Rijksmuseum, ca. 1931.

Jacques-Henri Lartigue—Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, Paris, 1911.

From *Looking at Photographs*

tinues the exploration of America's fantasy world in stills from the Golden Years of Hollywood. Aptly listed in the Library of Congress under "glamour photography," it is a refresher course in the calculated image-making that lost out to the candid informality of 35mm and died with the financial decline of the big studios in the 1940s.

NOEL by Charles Castle (Doubleday, $12.95). Photographs from Noël Coward's private collection and the pen of a video-trained writer combine to make this pictorial biography "good theater."

MEMOIRS OF THE FORTIES by Cecil Beaton (McGraw-Hill, $10.00). Beaton's diary entries and stylish camerawork spotlight the glossy cast of characters in postwar Britain's high-tea and café society. His Garbo portfolio gets star billing in a chapter of its own, but one's eye more often returns to other pictures: the portrait of his mother, studies of Gertrude Stein and Jean Cocteau, the shot of De Gaulle and Churchill inspecting troops behind the front line, the ballroom scene from *Lady Windermere's Fan.*

As for the bedazzling array of books on the spatial arts (whose greatest examples can be "recollected in tranquility" only by virtue of the camera), we have starred three as Christmas-gift candidates. Admittedly, here the choice becomes highly personal, in one instance determined by a desire to see treasures that have long been shrouded in mystery, and in the others by a chance to reinforce memory of magnificent creations or idyllic sites previously visited. This trio is worthy of attention for their texts as well as their photo-documentation:

THE DYNASTIES AND TREASURES OF CHINA by Bamber Gascoigne, with photographs taken in China by Christina Gascoigne and Derrick Witty (Viking, $16.95).

A TREASURY OF ROMANESQUE ART by Suzanne Collon-Gevaert, Jean Lejeune, and Jacques Stiennon (Praeger, $50.00).

GREAT HOUSES OF ITALY: THE TUSCAN VILLAS by Harold Acton, photographs by Alexander Zielcke (Viking, $28.50).

A fitting final toast to the season is CHAMPAGNE, text and photographs by William I. Kaufman (Viking, $25.00). Offered this heady bouquet of lore, landscape, viniculture, *haute cuisine,* and wine-women-and-song, one can afford to be gracious about uneven color reproduction and fuzzy black-and-whites. If you are looking for a spirited remembrance, open this magnum *before* Christmas. □

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No, No, Barbra

By Hollis Alpert

Barbra Streisand in "The Way We Were"—"A 1937, frizzy-haired student radical."

Can you see Barbra Streisand as a frizzy-haired, radical, creative-writing student at a northeastern university in the year 1937? You can see her, all right, in a flabby, reminiscent, nostalgic film called *The Way We Were,* but somehow you don't believe her. Miss Streisand's acting talents tend to veer in the direction of caricature, and here the demands of the role run to seriousness. There might have been an interesting movie hovering somewhere in the subject matter, taken from Arthur Laurents's novel about young people caught up in the activist tides of the late Thirties, the wartime Forties, and their politically reactionary aftermath, but something got in the way. What got in the way may be the superstardom of Miss Streisand and also of Robert Redford, who plays a student in that same creative-writing course and eventually the husband of the erstwhile campus radical.

In 1937, with Hitler beginning to gobble countries and Franco on the march in Spain, there were issues enough to occupy college students. The more radically oriented flocked to the Young Communist League, to socialist and Trotskyist organizations. At home the Depression was far from over, and Roosevelt was guiding the country through far-reaching reforms that are taken as a matter of course today. Students truly had something to be concerned about, but one would hardly know it from the treatment of the period in *The Way We Were.*

In fact, the subject has been treated so timorously that when Barbra as a girl from Brooklyn called Katie Morosky mounts a platform to harangue the student body, about all she does is come out in favor of "peace," as though almost everyone else is in favor of war. But the reverse would more likely be true. The radical students of those days wanted to stop Hitler and Franco, and where they erred was in the assumption that the Soviet Union was the champion of anti-fascism.

A period film at least ought to attempt to mirror the period, but what this one becomes is a romanticized, lackadaisical chronicle of an idealistic Brooklyn girl who has a romance with, and eventually marries, a handsome writer less inclined to change the world than to partake of its material benefits. If the story had really bitten in and told of a woman who became imbued with a sense of mission and held to her principles through love, marriage, pain, and breakup—due to the conflicting ideologies and lifestyles of her husband and herself—while around them the world spun and changed in turmoil (and I think that was probably the original intention), we might have been considerably more interested. But no, the frizzy-haired campus joker turns into a soft-focus beauty, marries the campus golden boy during World War II, helps him with his writing, goes with him to Hollywood after he has written a novel, and there they separate when it appears he will be black-listed because of her radicalism.

Maybe all this would have amounted to something if the lines were sharp and true and if the background were more authentic. But we are provided with antique cars and short haircuts for period feeling. For character development Barbra is given several changes of hair style. The Hollywood scenes skim gingerly over the panic and betrayals caused by congressional investigations. For Hollywood atmosphere we are shown a party to which everyone comes as Groucho Marx. And, as a demonstration of Katie's bleeding heart, we hear her objecting to some adverse comments about Roosevelt. What it ends up being is one more attempt to ride the nostalgia wave —and one more soppy, sappy, romanticized vehicle for superstar Streisand.

MATTERS HAVE FARED somewhat better for Miss Streisand's former mate, Elliott Gould, who, after a temporary absence from the screen, is back again in *The Long Goodbye,* this time as private eye Philip Marlowe of the Raymond Chandler novel. Robert Altman, who directed, has updated Marlowe as a shambling, comic, curiously charming shamus who is trying to figure out if his friend Terry Lennox really killed his wife and later committed suicide in Mexico. Altman is so good and so inventive a director that even when he goes wrong, he goes wrong rather gloriously. In this case his intentions seem muddled. I like my thrillers straight and not parodied. Altman mixes suspense and mystery with some puckish send-ups of the genre, while leaving several loose ends dangling untidily.

Actually, this is the second time around for *The Long Goodbye.* United Artists released the film some months ago in a few cities, but it failed to take. Audiences walked out puzzled. This time United Artists is getting behind it more solidly. And it is certainly worth seeing, if only for some remarkably effective segments. A marvelous sequence, indeed, is the opening one in which Gould is awakened in the middle of the night by his hungry cat, a temperamental feline that will accept only a certain brand of canned cat food. Gould must make a trip to an all-night market, where the favored brand is missing from the shelves. Back home he carefully spoons the substitute into an empty can of the right brand and pretends to open the can, only to have the contents loftily ignored by the cat. Gould is good, but the cat is better.

Meanwhile, across the way, in another

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An Unlikely Alliance

Jazz fiddler Stéphane Grappelli has at last met concert violinist Yehudi Menuhin. Many years of mutual admiration made the occasion inevitable. Their two highly individual violinistic worlds have become one. And that musical collaboration has been recorded. On Angel Records. Says Menuhin, **"I would call it a conversation . . . it is not necessary when two friends meet to say weighty things all the time—as long as they express themselves with elegance, and have a certain style, and are friendly."** With instrumental trio, they play **fifteen** pop standards from the '30s. Among them: Gershwin's **Lady Be Good** and **Love Is Here to Stay.** Kern's **A Fine Romance,** Porter's **Night and Day** and Berlin's **Cheek to Cheek.** Rodger's **The Lady Is A Tramp** and **Blue Room.** Not since Ravi Shankar met Menuhin has there been so exhilarating a musical chemistry. Or a more congenial and winning alliance.

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Angel

part of a typically Californian apartment complex, five lissome young ladies are involved in some kind of mystic ritual that Marlowe, by now, is blearily used to. When some hoods arrive to threaten Marlowe if he doesn't find a missing batch of cash, they pause from the business at hand to gawk wonderingly at the girls across the way. The leader of the hoods is played by Mark Rydell, a director of considerable distinction himself. He is also an actor who knows a good part when he sees one. As Marty Augustine he makes it plain that he lives in an expensive Beverly Hills section called Truesdale, right across the road from a home once owned by President Nixon. He has expenses—a family to keep, a mistress he loves second only to his wife and children—and he simply has to have that cash. He is funny, menacing, horrific.

But Altman and Gould seem bored at the necessity of keeping the suspense-pot boiling, and they pay it a minimum of lip service. Nina van Pallandt makes a svelte appearance as part of the mystery, and so does former pitcher Jim Bouton. *The Long Goodbye* is a film that is at least half brilliant, but its ending is captious—as though Altman had decided the whole project was meaningless.

IT WOULD BE HARD to come across a less meaningful film than *What?*—the latest *oeuvre* of Roman Polanski. It is a sneaky, dirty-minded little farce that appears to have been borrowed from some leftover chapters of *Candy*. A girl hitchhiking in Italy finds her way, after a near-rape, into a lake-shore villa inhabited by an assorted group of weirdos. Among them are Mastroianni as a retired, sexually maladjusted pimp, Hugh Griffith as the invalid owner of the villa, and Polanski himself as a sadistic little voyeur. The girl wanders around, dazedly encountering and participating in the erotic peccadilloes of the house party, and then records her experiences in a diary. It is supposed to be funny and titillating, but it is just plain awful. As a young friend of mine suggested, Polanski needs to have his head straightened out.

A MODEL OF SERIOUS, sober film making is *The New Land*, part two of Jan Troell's lengthy saga about some Swedish emigrants who go to America in the mid-nineteenth century. Part one, *The Emigrants*, has already earned its plaudits, and *The New Land* will only add to the luster of Troell's accomplishment. As in the first part, Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann are the central figures as Swedes who forge a new life in Minnesota. The land is fertile and beautiful, but the conditions are harsh. Liv Ullmann as Kristina continues to give birth to children until conception becomes dangerous; von Sydow as Karl Oscar farms, builds his abode with his own hands, and sturdily carves a place for his family in the new environment.

Hovering in the area are the hungry Sioux, who eventually take a last and hopeless revenge on the Swedes for the government's confiscation of their lands. Troell took upon himself the monumental task of directing, co-writing, photographing, and editing the nearly three-hour-long film, and he has wrought with care and treated his material sometimes with tenderness and often enough with the grimmest of realism. The film is honest, touching, and always convincing, and behind it is a balanced, intelligent sensitivity. I have yet to see an American film that matches this account of pioneering for authenticity.

WE ALSO HAVE a new director here to herald. His name is Martin Scorsese. He is a New Yorker, and he has explored some of his own background for *Mean Streets*, a story of growing up in Little Italy on New York's Lower East Side. The youths of the story are linked by family and Sicilian tradition. One family trade is loan-sharking, and the hero is broken into it at an early age by his uncle. His closest friend is a dim-witted boy who is perennially in trouble; his girl friend is subject to epileptic fits. In the teeming neighborhood, violence is endemic, and the film ends, perhaps too predictably, in a garish episode of killing. But what distinguishes it mainly is a constant sense of vitality that is compounded out of camera movement, acting so believable that it hardly seems to be acting, and a desire on the director's part to show things as they are. Other films about Mafia-like activity are cardboard constructions compared with this one. A sense of truth permeates the film, helped no end by Robert De Niro as the dim-witted boy. One extraordinary scene shows him on the roof of a tenement, shooting at the lighted tower of the Empire State Building, which is uptown a way. Scorsese has turned the scene into a wild, futile kind of cinematic poetry. *Mean Streets* is not always pleasant to watch, but Martin Scorsese must surely be watched now and in the future. □

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Teachers and Change

The most notable aspect of American education during the last two decades has been its preoccupation with change. Reform of the schools has been the most popular game in town. Innumerable innovations have been introduced and widely accepted—from the first experiments with teacher aides and instructional television in the early 1950s, through the whole litany of liberal reforms, to the most recent attempts to individualize instruction. Vast sums of money and a great deal of creative energy have been expended. The result has sometimes been a more interesting and humane learning environment, but what happens to most children in the classroom has changed remarkably little.

There appear to be a number of reasons for the failure of the reform movement to effect fundamental change in the schools. First, of course, is the difficulty inherent in any effort to bring about change in individuals. The familiar is comfortable and secure—it is the rare individual who is not threatened by basic change in his personal or professional life. It is difficult, too, to replicate seemingly successful educational programs. When reform is fashionable, it is all too easy to reproduce the form and structure of innovative practices while missing their essence. The creative involvement that goes into the development of new programs is seldom duplicated by those who would reproduce them. But the problem of change in the schools goes much deeper.

On page 58 Roland S. Barth offers useful perspective on one of the most fashionable innovations in American schools today. "Open education," as it was developed in British infant schools, has captured the imagination of many educators and parents across the country. But as Barth points out, the manner in which it is being introduced too often is self-defeating. The desire for instant reform, the faith of Americans in pre-packaged programs imposed from outside the classroom, and the lack of understanding of the principles underlying the practice of open education all militate against success. Too often it is the form, not the essential process, that is captured.

The manner in which informal education developed in the infant schools of England is instructive. In an interview earlier this year, Alice Yardley, principal lecturer in education at the Nottingham College of Education and author of *The Teacher of Young Children* (Citation Press), asserted that successful "educational change starts with the thought of the teacher." And she added, "I think never in our country have educationists or theorists told teachers what to do. It is necessary for teachers to think out for themselves what their view of children is and what they believe about the education of children."

The concept of informal education ("open education" is an American term) developed over a period of years as some teachers in England gave careful attention to studies of child development and observed the way in which children develop and learn. Gradually a fresh view of the nature of childhood emerged, and the knowledge gained was translated into classroom practice as each teacher's convictions evolved. The result is not radically new; it duplicates in large part what the best teachers have always done in the classroom. But each teacher is expected to repeat the process and develop her own convictions about children and the way they learn. The speed with which a teacher arrives at the goal of understanding is not important; some confirmed traditionalists, according to Miss Yardley, take several years. On the other hand, she notes, "Some of our firmest advocates have proved our worst enemies because they have tried to make changes too rapidly without understanding them."

The conception of the nature of childhood that emerged in the British infant school is enlightening as well. "Our teachers see children," Miss Yardley asserts,

> not as fodder for the state, not as malleable material out of which they make good citizens. They see children as people—little people—who have the right to be individualists, to become themselves and nobody else. They see children as people who have the right to formulate their own beliefs and attitudes toward society and then to live by those beliefs. The challenge for educators is to provide the opportunity for the child's personality to unfold. We see education as a means for providing the opportunity for a child to become the architect of his own personality. This is what we mean by freedom.

Effecting change in individuals or institutions is always difficult and is rarely accomplished in a hurry. It is possible, therefore, that Mr. Barth is right in suggesting that the way "open education" is being introduced in this country will lead to disappointing results. But it will be unfortunate if American education cannot learn from the British experience.

JAMES CASS
Education Editor

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Compulsory Education: America in Mississippi

Forcing children to attend school, the author argues, is a "patchwork liberal reform" that does not by itself eliminate social injustices or stimulate personally valuable education.

By Stephen Arons

Mississippi, the only state in the Union without some form of compulsory schooling, is considering re-enacting its attendance law at a time when many reformers are proposing the abolition of compulsory education elsewhere. It would seem that Mississippi is on the threshold of making a decision of great importance. But a close look reveals that the issue is so laden with paradox, contradiction, and frustration that it cannot truly be said that the outcome of the debate will affect the lives of children at all. In spite of the theories of reformers who would de-school society, the discussions in academic circles, and the rising debate in Mississippi about compulsory education, disadvantaged children there will become disadvantaged adults whether or not the law forces them to attend school.

That is a hard lesson to learn, and it suggests that the breeding of contempt and cynicism and the deadening of the spirit of childhood will go on and on unless some basic changes in American social structure are made. Mississippi was a place in which many of us could view and criticize racism without recognizing it in ourselves or in the institutions in which we lived our lives. But not anymore. We know that the negative things we perceive about Mississippi are, in fact, real—that we have not conjured up some false image of mutilation out of our collective fears. But now we also know—and the busing issue painfully proves what Martin Luther King only began to tell us—that there is as much institutional racism and race hatred in Cicero, Illinois, and all over the country as there is in Jackson, Mississippi.

Stephen Arons, an attorney, teaches in the Legal Studies Program at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

Making an impressionistic examination of compulsory education in Mississippi is like taking an unexpected look in an old and worn mirror. You are not prepared to see yourself there. In Mississippi, the eye first focuses almost involuntarily on all the things that are different—the languid pace, the accent, the weather-beaten signs of rural poverty, the manor-house façade for disproportionate wealth, the fierce fundamentalist individualism. After a while, however, the special grace or bald oppressiveness of these images begins to assume less importance, and you see the rest of America in Mississippi.

You see economic and class discrimination in the distribution of necessities like homes, food, medical care, municipal services, education, and work. You see that even the comforting ideology of individualism cannot mask the fact that large numbers of people are born in grinding poverty and die that way in spite of their own efforts. And you see a few valiant attempts to patch up injuries or experiment with new ways. Because of this, Mississippi provides a sort of rough American microcosm in which discrimination and poverty can be examined both with and without compulsory education.

Compulsory schooling ended in Mississippi on February 24, 1956, when the legislature repealed the state's compulsory attendance law. The perfunctory debate was similar to the legislative discussions that accompanied scores of segregationist bills in the South after the *Brown* decision of 1954. One legislator delivered all the arguments in favor of repeal when he said, "Now, y'all know what *this* is for." Only fifteen legislators had the courage to vote against making it possible for poor whites to avoid integrated schools.

While the intent of the Mississippi legislators was to preserve racial segregation, the effect has also been to create legal conditions that exploit and perpetuate the economic situation of all the poor, both white and black. As one man who was in the legislature at the time put it, "The people who supported repeal are by and large people who have put their children in private schools."

Accurate statistics about how many children are out of school in Mississippi are hard to come by. The state Department of Education reports that in 1971 there were 28,447 school-age children not enrolled in public and private schools; 65 percent of them were black. The U.S. Census reports that there were 554,000 students enrolled in public and private schools in 1970. Subtracting this from the census population figures for ages five through seventeen, however, indicates that some 80,000 school-age children did not attend school. To this figure must be added the education department's own report that about 20,000 children drop out of school between fall and spring each year. The total not enrolled in school at any one time is between 48,000 and 100,000.

Why are all these children out of school? There does not appear to be any empirical research on the subject, but community leaders, state officials, and young people in Mississippi definitely have some opinions based on their own experiences. Many poor people, both black and white, do not attend school because they cannot afford to. In one way or another, free public education is not "free" for them. This barrier takes many forms, none of which is peculiar to Mississippi or the South.

Some parents cannot afford clothing or books or school supplies. Simple pride will not allow them to submit to the embarrassment of admitting their poverty in a public institution, especially before someone of another race. Other parents cannot afford transportation. In Greenville, the bastion of liberal pretension in Mississippi, the public schools are integrated in a way that requires many students to travel across town to school. But the town charges parents for the use of school buses. A mother who must get to work early on a rainy morning and who is unable to afford bus fare will not be able to get her children to school. Other families simply cannot afford to have children in school when they could be working at some meager wage or staying at home baby-sitting for younger kids so their mother can work.

One employer tells the story of a ten-

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year-old boy he hired—an exception he made out of sympathy for the boy, who would otherwise be hanging around on street corners. A few weeks later he caught the boy trying to steal a motorcycle from the store; he spent some time trying to convince the youngster that it would be better for him to go to school. The reply: "There's no money in it." A cynical remark but far from incorrect. Many students who have stayed in school report that upon graduation they find that dropouts have gotten all the jobs and have collected experience and seniority, while students who stayed in school were toiling away at courses that gave them no useful knowledge and bored them to death.

Perhaps the most disheartening reason for non-attendance in school applies to younger children: The educational conveyor belt in Mississippi, as in the rest of the United States, is not adjustable for anyone who does not fit the mold. If a youngster stays at home to baby-sit and does not begin school until he is ten, he will be sixteen in the sixth grade. This embarrassment, which often is aggravated by teachers who know that without compulsory attendance they don't have to deal with anyone they find difficult, is too much to bear. Many students who find themselves in this predicament are forced to drop out to save their self-respect. There are no special programs to meet these pressures of economic reality in Mississippi.

White racism is also a factor, despite a surface mellowing of attitudes. Some white Mississippi high school students, like low-income high school students in Boston or Detroit or San Francisco, find nothing useful or stimulating about public schools. They do not want to go, but they know that their parents will insist. Then the students catch on to something about the history of racism and how easy it is for anyone, state or child, to manipulate the fears of insecure citizens. "Ma," they say, "I don't want to go to school with them niggers." They are allowed to drop out.

These youngsters claim they are not racists themselves. They say that meeting black students in school has broken down hostility between races. In small discussions, however, they will say that if bus-

A Parent's "Right to Decide"

Almost all American parents send their children to school voluntarily. Thus compulsory attendance laws affect only a few families. However, some parents are now deliberately violating these laws —and are challenging their constitutionality in court.

Common to all these cases, including the well-known cases involving the Amish sect, is the parents' insistence on their right to decide about the upbringing and education of their children—including decisions about keeping them out of school. (In most states children are required to attend school from age six to sixteen.) Many of these families would put their children back in public school if what the schools offered were more to their liking. Some would move to another public school district or find a private school in which to enroll their children if they could afford it. Consider these examples:

• Barbara Hoag, a black mother on welfare in Sacramento, California, deliberately risked a jail term in order to keep her ten-year-old daughter home from school for more than a year. Mrs. Hoag refused to comply with the state's compulsory attendance laws because she complained about the low reading scores, skimpy resources, violence, exposure to drugs, and racist values in the local public school. School authorities would not approve a transfer to another school acceptable to Mrs. Hoag, who was too poor to afford private school tuition. She therefore tried to educate her daughter herself at home. When school officials started to prosecute her, Mrs. Hoag decided to leave California, and the district attorney seemed happy to "solve" the problem that way.

• Lydia and Kenneth Williams are at odds with Morgan County, West Virginia, school authorities over their decision as parents to educate their young children at home. West Virginia law permits home teaching by "qualified" tutors, but the school board has resisted the idea that parents are automatically "qualified," and it has not approved the Williamses' specific home education program. The Williamses, who live in a rural community in Unger, argue that home training is better for their children, primarily because the local public school teaches them undesirable values. They explain that the school tells their children that they must account for every move and that they must not challenge decisions of those with power, even if the decisions are arbitrary or capricious. The Williamses say the school makes children believe they are untrustworthy and dependent. To the Williamses this is hardly appropriate preparation for participation as citizens in a democracy.

• A Northern California father of two teen-age daughters recently was sentenced to jail because he had refused to send them to school. A firm believer in education, he discovered that his daughters had played hooky for almost a month without school officials' ever asking about their absence. He concluded that since he could not afford to send his daughters to private school, they would be better off at home than on the streets. Although school officials had showed little interest when the girls were merely truants, they prosecuted the father when he decided to keep them out of school himself. His case is now on appeal.

• Parents in Orinda Village, a San Francisco suburb, kept their child out of grade school about half the time for three years. Each term, with the teachers' agreement, they would instruct the child at home in some subjects but would send him to school for others. But when the boy reached seventh grade, the school said the arrangement was no longer acceptable; so the parents kept the child home for most of the year. The mother said the school wasn't doing a good enough job and that it was teaching seventh graders with fifth-grade materials, because most of the class, she said, was reading at the fifth-grade level. She thinks the family can do more for the child. The parents have received warnings of criminal prosecution.

THESE EXAMPLES illustrate the wide range of reasons parents cite for disregarding the law. In each case the parents make a substantial claim for exemption; yet unless the Constitution protects them, parents who keep children home for these reasons will certainly lose in most jurisdictions.

Prosecution of such parents probably will be sporadic. In some big cities the absentee rate, particularly at the junior and senior high school levels, is so staggering that school officials actually have given up trying to compel attendance—let alone trying to find out whether absence is caused by simple truancy or by the parents' wishes.

STEPHEN D. SUGARMAN

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ing ends, segregation will return, and many will find it easier to return to the old fears and hatreds that are being interrupted by personal experiences. But they are turned off by school; and in their search for relief, they manipulate their parents' latent racism.

Finally, a large number of children are expelled from school. This is perhaps not unexpected where the repeal of compulsory schooling betokens not only racism but also a general take-it-or-leave-it feeling on the part of the state government about what it is willing to do for children. Community workers employed by the local federal Emergency School Assistance Programs to help bring youngsters back to public school say that the number of expelled students is both astronomical and unjustifiable. Pregnant girls are routinely expelled and are not allowed to return until three months after childbirth, when they are too far behind to return to their classes even if they could stand teacher hostility. Expulsions commonly follow a student's using someone else's lunch card, chewing gum, or scuffling in the hall.

The general collapse of concern for children, especially "lower-class" children, goes beyond the absence of compulsory school laws. Society as a whole has little place for them, as a look at any street corner will verify. There are neither jobs nor socially significant roles for most children. Yet many of those who do care about the fate of children in Mississippi have been talking about the re-enactment of compulsory attendance. One such man, Judge Joseph Wroten of the Juvenile Court of Greenville, believes that "the greatest cause of juvenile delinquency in this country has been non-attendance on a regular basis in school." The judge, who voted against the repeal of the law when he was in the legislature in 1956, does not believe that racism is a major cause of non-attendance. His experience in dealing with families in court convinces him that a state commitment to the importance of education through the "dignity of a law" and an attendance officer would be of substantial help to parents who cannot keep their kids in school or do not perceive its alleged importance.

A lawyer in Jackson who has done extensive work with school-age kids says he is not so confident about the beneficial effects of using school legislation as a means of getting them off the street. If compulsory attendance were used as a means of getting kids started in school, he might support it. But he fears that as a means of dealing with adolescents it will not reduce dropouts and will become just another police power in the hands of a white establishment hostile to blacks: "I'd rather have a few gas stations knocked off than a wholesale race riot because some kid refuses to go to school and gets shot." As for anti-social conduct, he shares the conviction of other community leaders that forcing kids into bad schools creates more behavior problems than it solves.

This conflict of perspectives is the tip of an iceberg of difficulties among potential supporters of compulsory schooling in Mississippi. On both the purposes of such legislation and the eventual reality of its enforcement there is substantial disagreement and confusion. To the question, Should compulsory education be re-enacted? the answers of many Mississippians reflect both an ideological belief that schools should be able to improve the lives of individuals and a realistic assessment that schools do not, and perhaps cannot, do other than strengthen the status quo. Added to this contradiction is the conspicuous absence of support from the poor and the working class for a law that is supposed to rescue them from their plight.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN school reform and the emerging facts of Mississippi's last sixteen years thus evoke a hard question: Would compulsory schooling in Mississippi be a step toward reforming existing schooling and stimulating concern for children? Or would it be merely the expression of another round of ideological "hype" and Band-Aid politics that would be a substitute for dealing with the effects of racism and an exploitative economic system? The question cannot be answered with certainty, but to get a feel of its parameters one needs to know more about those who want compulsory education and what they think it can accomplish. As it turns out, the most prevalent concern is economic.

Mississippi is the poorest state in the Union as measured by per capita income. As observed by the naked eye, the gap between rich and poor is enormous. School is seen as a means of improving the state's productivity, with the effects on distribution of income and the quality of life almost ignored. The supporters of education for economic growth are legion. A Booz-Allen statewide education study, commissioned by the state Research and Development Council, concluded that Mississippi's economic-development goals cannot be achieved unless it greatly strengthens its entire education system. A liberal member of a chamber of commerce in the delta region reported that at least ten industries had decided against locating in this area because the technical labor supply was in-

"I wish you could find it in your heart to smile more in front of Monique. She's developing frown lines."

WIT TWISTER NO. 8
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Your ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ mantilla cannot hide,
Plump maiden of ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___, your blush of pride.
Praise Science, that from ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ hath wrought
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ girdles, just to hold you taut!

A. S.

(Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 59.)

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adequate. Unskilled laborers are a liability; they cannot work because of the increasing mechanization of farming, but they must be "dealt with." George Rogers, who voted in favor of repeal of the school attendance law in 1956 and is now chairman of the House Education Committee, favors some form of compulsory education. In part, he reasons, economic productivity is related to educational level, and the drain of unemployment and welfare cannot be ended until the state's economic standards are raised.

The analysis of the effect of schooling on economics is not quite the same. The ten-year-old motorcycle thief knew he wasn't going to get a job by going to school. The community workers who try to talk kids into going back to school with arguments of economic self-interest find considerable skepticism. Those who are organizing in poor white areas of Jackson admit to kids that the schools are irrelevant, though they urge them to go anyway because without that credential they will not be able to command enough respect to condemn the system in which their exploitation takes place.

In spite of their lack of economic benefit to most poor children going to school, the schools do provide respectability. More important, perhaps, they provide a continuation of the old, impossible dream that everyone can move up the ladder of a stratified society. It is this dream of respectability and mobility—the same dream that spurs the lottery player against all odds—that sustains the glimmer on the rotting structure of schooling.

What does re-enactment of compulsory school mean as a reform? If race does not overshadow other factors, the whole issue may look very much like the reform struggles surrounding schooling in the last century. One interpretation of re-enactment is that it is simply an avoidance of the basic issue of the quality of life of children. Society, in an unconscious reaction to its own faltering in dealing with children, will seek to institutionalize the problem of child rearing. But in doing this, the society will merely be continuing the giant shell game in which the problem of dealing with children and the responsibility for failing at it are transferred from one place to another—from family to reformatory to federal program to public school and back to family.

The final contradiction in this depressing dilemma is based on the problems of social change in an individualistic society. Without compulsory education the injustices and deprivations that are the lot of the poor and most racial minorities can seem to be the inexplicable result of fate or personal inadequacy. The stronger the strain of individualism, the harder it is to demonstrate to the public that there is, in fact, an economic and social *system* at work that results in injustice.

But when the responsibility for part of the child's upbringing is shifted to the state, it becomes a little harder to blame the victim or call for "benign neglect"; it is a little easier then to create a plausible argument for group action to eliminate discrimination.

Even this argument is not without its contradictions. The pragmatic introduction of "state action" may make injustice visible to more people, and it may allow the blame for injustice to be placed in a way that justifies social action. But the risk aside from the enormous risk that accompanies any increase of state intervention in private affairs is that state action in the form of compulsory schooling places the blame on only a portion of the cause of the problem—on schools but not on the general sociopolitical organization of society.

Instituting or removing compulsory schooling will be no more effective than other patchwork liberal reforms, because it will be no more comprehensive. It is the entire economic and political framework that must be analyzed and changed. And so we are back to square one.

Whatever the citizens of Mississippi decide, the rest of us may at least learn this: The problem of repressive schooling cannot be solved apart from the problems of bureaucracy, economic deprivation, and class and racial discrimination in the society at large. Forty-nine states demonstrate daily that compulsory education does not by itself eliminate social injustices or provide a way out of poverty or stimulate personally valuable education. One state, Mississippi, demonstrates that freeing children from compulsory schooling when they have no resources of their own, and when the society offers them no real role and support, is not in the interest of freedom, equality, or humanism.

Those who oppose the dehumanization of childhood, economic stratification, and racial prejudice will do better to attempt to restructure the entire social system at its roots than to allow their moral outrage and political muscle to be sapped by a debate between tweedledum and tweedledee. □

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Wide World

The informal approach—"Open vs. traditional has become a futile ideological battle."

Should We Forget About Open Education?

By Roland S. Barth

It's been almost a decade now since the first wave of Americans—William Hull, Joseph Featherstone, Lillian Weber, and others—visited primary schools in England. Their enthusiastic accounts have prompted hundreds of others to see for themselves what is happening in schools on the other side of the Atlantic. In recent months British teachers and headmasters have been touring the United States, and many more Americans unable to make the pilgrimage abroad have had the opportunity to experience firsthand what the British are saying and doing.

Many Americans—parents, teachers, administrators—frustrated and perhaps fed up with inadequacies in our schools, have responded predictably: We like the freedom and dignity and individual attention accorded children in the best British primary schools; and we would like similar things to take place in American elementary schools. Consequently many who have become involved have created and are promoting an "open-education movement." During the past decade we have taken steps that seem to ensure the successful introduction of good British ideas and practices into American schools.

We have identified, for example, a number of basic beliefs and assumptions about children, learning, and knowledge that underlie British practices. Among them are: Children are innately curious and will explore without constant adult direction and supervision; play is not distinguished from work as the primary way children learn during their early years; learning takes place constantly in a responsive and stimulating environment, and not just when the teacher is teaching.

We have described in great detail, in many publications, what an open classroom looks like: "interest areas" that contain all the material necessary for pursuing a particular activity—art or math, for instance; carpeted floors for sitting and lying as well as walking; cubbies where children can crawl off by themselves with a book or a toy. And we have catalogued the materials it should contain: sand tables, woodworking tools, Cuisenaire rods, batteries and bulbs, printing presses, and, of course, gerbils.

We have also delineated a distinctive role for the teacher in an open classroom: to provide materials, observe and record each child's progress, move from child to child giving help when needed, and support and facilitate learning as each child goes about his work independently.

And now we believe that if a teacher can be found who will accept these assumptions about children and the way they learn, if we can equip the classroom correctly, and if the teacher will comply with the role given him or her, then we will have a real, a good, and an exciting learning environment—an open classroom. All the benefits for children and adults so visible in England will be ours.

What we have done, in fact, is to create an *orthodoxy* of open education; we have developed one more rigid formula for reform that can be imposed on the schools from outside. This is educational reform the American way: academic analysis, prescribed (and proscribed) materials and equipment, codified and circumscribed teaching behavior, and, presumably, consequent achievement of the desired behavior by adults and children.

Contrast this with the way informal classrooms have evolved in England. Although there is no clearly defined procedure underlying recent changes in British schools, certain conditions prevail. Perhaps most important is that British school superintendents usually give headmasters of local schools great autonomy. In contrast with typical practice in the United States, most heads have tended to do likewise with teachers, who in turn have given children a great deal of responsibility and assistance. The children, with a broad range of possible experiences and materials before them, have tended to involve themselves productively—and to learn.

Not surprisingly, one classroom differs considerably from the next, each reflecting the teacher's special interests and areas of competence. One may be stocked with a huge range and number of exciting books; another may be dominated by objects related to nature study, plants, animals, and photographs; a third may be full of mathematical materials. Similarly, the roles that emerge for teachers may be different in each case. Some teachers, for instance, never address the

Roland S. Barth is the author of Open Education and the American School *(Agathon Press, 1972). He is the principal of the Angier School in Newton, Massachusetts.*

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total class; others do so occasionally, and still others frequently. Some move about the room from child to child; others meet with children in particular places. Some teachers work alone, some in pairs, some in larger teams. Some teachers are directive; others are not. By continually observing and responding to children, each teacher evolves certain beliefs about children's learning and knowledge. These beliefs are also idiosyncratic.

Informal British classrooms frequently may resemble one another in appearance and in what materials they contain. What one teacher does each day in the classroom may be similar to what another does; what one teacher believes about children and the learning process may parallel the beliefs of another. *But this correspondence is an incidental, coincidental, unsought-after outcome of the educational process*—the education of child and adult alike. Congruence of method and ideas in good informal classrooms does not come as a result of compliance with a mandated model. Congruence, if it exists at all, exists because capable teachers are working with children under similar circumstances and are therefore frequently making similar observations and proscriptions — just as pediatricians tend to prescribe similar medicines for children with similar symptoms.

IN AMERICA we have accurately analyzed and even replicated informal British classrooms as *product*—we have made a neat package of the vocabulary, the appearance, the materials, and sold it to the schools. But we haven't really examined, recognized, let alone attempted to employ, the *process* that has led to the product. Consequently any resemblance between what happens to children in Britain's informal classrooms, on the one hand, and in America's open classrooms, on the other, is at best superficial. At worst, we will have another in a long line of "movements" that disappoint. We need no more failures in our schools, even in the name of reform.

Americans who would capture the success of British classrooms would do better to focus on skillful observation and diagnosis of children's behavior and on finding ways of deriving rich information from these diagnoses. Only from such observation can teachers discover how children learn and how their learning can be facilitated. And we would do well to broaden and enrich the repertory of materials and experiences with which we respond to children's needs. Both of these are weak suits today in American education. All too often we don't know how to observe—or even what to observe—much less how to modify our teaching in response to what we observe. Not knowing, we depend on formulas; we lend ourselves to pat orthodoxies; we make decisions about curriculum, materials, and methods out of faith in, and submission to, authorities outside the classroom—whether these authorities are seen as malevolent (school principal, director of curriculum, superintendent, state law) or benevolent (John Holt, Charles Silberman, Lady Plowden). Yet innovations from outside the classroom usually bring with them greater rigidity of thinking and practice and less learning than whatever they replaced. In the orthodoxy of open education, teachers unfortunately remain actors and role players in the educational production.

TO BE SURE, British informal classrooms have provided important precedents that can help us move with security away from arid classrooms—in which teachers mechanically attempt to transmit more knowledge to more children faster—and toward more humane and academically respectable learning environments. The open-education movement that we have contrived has also served important functions. It has clarified some of the vague ideas underlying British schools and has reassured many people that informal classrooms need not be just sloppy, random, haphazard, permissive "alternatives." Perhaps most important, open education has provoked teachers, parents, and administrators to reflect on and begin to change what we have been doing for so long without question.

But the usefulness of the concept and the movement is now waning. In part the reasons are political. If "open classroom" has been the banner that rallied advocates of a more humane, informal, and productive educational experience for children, it also has become a red flag. Gerbils are now an endangered species in many public schools, not because they are educationally worthless but because they have become a politically explosive symbol! "Open" versus "traditional" has become a dangerous, futile ideological battle. We could more profitably direct our energies toward helping each child develop the personal and cognitive skills about which there is widespread agreement among adults.

If we could forget about open education, we might be able to move toward what Joseph Featherstone modestly calls "decent schools." To the extent that we are preoccupied with the English model or our own orthodoxy regarding education, we neglect students in the classrooms. Trying to identify, adopt, adapt, or simulate open classrooms is the easy and less promising road to educational reform, and it is one that relieves us of the responsibility of hard work, precision, scrutiny, and autonomous decision making. Carefully examining our own classrooms, determining what children need in order to learn, and then having the confidence, imagination, and courage to provide what is needed is the more difficult, promising, and perhaps revolutionary way. Teachers who would run more informal classrooms must be not only sensitive enough to see what children need but also bold enough to ensure that they get it. Sensitivity and boldness will never come from "open education" or from any other movement. □

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 56): laciest, Castile, latices, Elastic.

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World Education Report

Radical new approaches to education are being developed in many countries around the world, but nowhere are they needed more desperately than in the nations of the Third World, where a great deal of money is being spent to reach a woefully small number of children. According to a recent UNESCO study "Learning to Be," many countries are spending "between 20 and 40 percent of the total state budget" on children who leave school after one, two, or three years and thus "have acquired little lasting learning."

The problems are particularly acute among the fifteen "francophone" nations south of the Sahara that gained independence from France after 1960. Most of them have conventional French school systems, which are usually limited to urban areas and are still supported by massive French aid and staffed in part by French *coopérants* (technical aides). The schools are geared to urban middle-class children and are designed to train future professional and technical elites. Much of what they teach is irrelevant, if not unintelligible, to rural children. But changes are on the way.

IVORY COAST, which has a literacy rate of less than 20 percent and sends fewer than half its children to school, is developing one of the more promising programs. It is attempting to combat both illiteracy and the dropout problem through the use of educational television.

Ivoirien education is remarkable in that it was modeled on the French system—*after* the country had gained independence from France. Ivoirien children were thus saddled with the French system of rigid year-end tests, which generally resulted in students' wholesale failure. However, the country gained a common language for schooling, a great advantage, since not one of the more than sixty different languages spoken in the country is suitable—or acceptable—for nationwide education.

French therefore continues as the basic vehicle in the radical transformation of Ivoirien primary schools. (Ivoirien ETV has benefited from an experiment in neighboring Niger, where experience has shown that ETV, if based on a pedagogy suited for African children, could benefit both children and teachers. In Niger's experimental classes the dropout rate decreased from 40 to 6 percent.) In the Ivoirien program, for example, arithmetic exercises use such familiar objects as gourds, sticks, pods, and pebbles. Other lessons are prepared especially to instruct teachers how to teach according to the new methods.

In an universally applauded move, the government decided to eliminate year-end pass tests at the end of the first grade, so that pupils are assured of advancement to the second grade.

Ivoirien ETV this year is teaching close to 70,000 children in the first two primary grades throughout much of the country. The system will expand to cover all the primary grades, and by 1980 should reach 720,000 students, or about 80 percent of the children in need of schooling.

Objections to the system are few. Ivoirien experts admit that many of the newly educated rural youngsters will again flock to the cities; but they also say that modern agriculture will need fewer workers, but they will have to be better trained.

SENEGAL is undertaking a more revolutionary effort to create other schools for the Third World. More than three-fourths of the country's 4.8 million people live in rural areas, and despite the fact that 28 percent of the nation's budget goes for education, primary schools are available for only 40 percent of the children. About 90 percent of the population is thought to be illiterate.

The new effort is to provide practical middle-level education for young people, many of whom have not had primary schooling. The system must be inexpensive and basically rural in character. Therefore, plans call for what are essentially schools without walls. No special schools will be built; classes will be given in huts by "rural masters" designated by communities, with the help of technical and agricultural specialists sent from the cities. Training will be aimed at making agriculture more profitable and will include marketing techniques and information about cooperatives, as well as general secondary-school subjects.

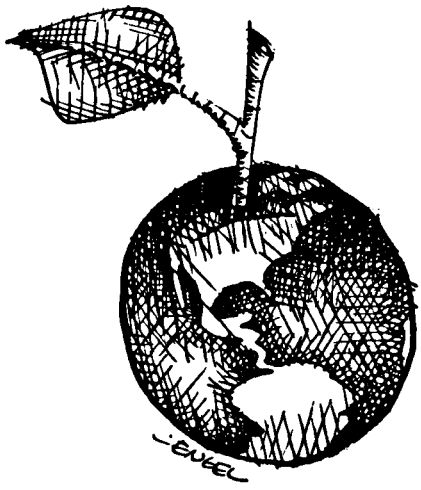
The goal is to make village life more attractive for young people. Each year thousands of rural youngsters migrate to the *bidonvilles* of Dakar and Cabo Verde, where they swell the army of urban unemployed. With practical education they will be able not only to make satisfactory lives for themselves but also to contribute to the development of the rural world.

In an experimental area of twelve villages, with 6000 inhabitants, a small research team—half French technicians and half Senegalese trainees—is calling on illiterate farmers to help organize out-of-school education. This preliminary process of gaining the cooperation of the elders is crucial because it is they who have sole power over the distribution of land and the rate of pay for work in the fields. Education alone will not keep the youngsters in their villages if the elders do not understand and accept the necessary changes. Once their cooperation has been assured, the research team can proceed to organize the training program. Training has already begun in the first experimental region, and the dialogue with local farmers has started in three others.

It is expected that the system can be extended all over Senegal by 1980; by that time, and even though primary education will continue to expand, about four-fifths of the students in the program will be youngsters without primary schooling.

Some international observers have expressed their concern that a rural "class" education is being created, neither equal nor equivalent to the traditional urban schooling. The Senegalese education minister was quoted recently in *Le Monde* as saying, "We do not presume to solve all our problems. First we will tackle the rural areas. Then we will see."

FAY HAUSSMAN



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Light Refractions

Enty?

Mr. George Stevens was the managing editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* when Elizabeth Kingsley first brought her puzzles to the magazine back in the early Thirties. It was he who thought of the name Double-Crostics.

He wrote me to say, among other things, "I do not know how many words there are in the English language, but in addition to the hundreds of thousands that exist, two more are needed.

"First, an adjective for *would-be*—as in 'a would-be poet,' 'a would-be musician,' etc. It strikes me as particularly awkward that we cannot do better than to translate *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* as 'The Would-be Gentleman.'

"Second, an equivalent for *'n'est-ce pas?'* covering all persons and both numbers, to avoid the pedantic awkwardness of 'am I not?' 'isn't he?' or even 'aren't you?' Actually, there is such a word, but it lies neglected, even by the unabridged *Random House Dictionary*: the word *enty*. I have seen *enty* in print in only one place, *The Complete Tales of Uncle Remus*, and it is not Uncle Remus who uses it but Daddy Jack, who speaks Gullah. The only other person I ever knew who was acquainted with the word was the late Clyde Brion Davis, author of a long string of novels beginning with *The Anointed*. This is the novel that was made into a movie under another title—I forget what—and was advertised directly after the Second World War with the irresistible line, 'Gable's back, and Garson's got him.' I don't know where Clyde picked up *enty*—he never lived in the South, and I doubt if he ever read *Uncle Remus*."

I DON'T SHARE Mr. Stevens's uneasiness with *would-be*, but *enty* wins my admiration. I'm in favor of its inclusion in future dictionaries. It's a beautiful, simple word, and it fills a need that I, too, have felt for an English equivalent of *"n'est-ce pas?"* We've all heard Americans say *"n'est-ce pas?"* in the course of English-language conversations, I'm sure. There's nothing wrong with it, but it sounds a bit affected. I'm for *enty?*

Mr. Stevens's reference to Gullah reminded me of a paper I'd written in college many years ago on Gullah. One of the sources I used was a small volume whose name and author I can't remember, but I'd love to get a copy of it. I recall an example of a conversation in Gullah that appeared in the book:

"Shum?"
"Shum!"

This conversation can have a number of different meanings, depending on tense and gender. "Shum?" can mean, Did you, Do you, or Will you see him, her, or it?

J. L. Dillard, in his excellent book *Black English*, says, "This 'lack' of pronoun sex reference [which isn't a lack at all; a pronoun system doesn't "need" sex reference any more than a verb "needs" tense] is characteristic of Gullah and is widely found in the Caribbean's Afro-American dialects."

So *enty?* (obviously "ain't he?" I should think) can mean "isn't it?" "isn't she?" "isn't he?" and other variations featuring "hasn't," "doesn't," past tense, future tense, and so on. Extrapolating from the lack of indication of tense in *shum* (Dillard considers this sort of lack a feature of language, not the absence of a feature), we can assume that "That was a beautiful shot, enty?" and "She's a beautiful girl, enty?" would be equally legitimate.

Realistically, I'm not so naïve as to think a nice, sensible word like *enty* has much of a chance in today's world. The trend, by and large, seems to be toward polysyllabic obfuscation rather than simplicity.

The other day I heard a police officer on television say, "The suspect was discharging his weapon at me, and I exited the premises."

At a time (a point in time?) when people talk like that, *enty* will probably get lost in the burgeoning verbiage.

It's hard to imagine what causes a man to say, "The suspect was discharging his weapon at me." In the first place, in the mind of what I, for one, might consider a normal person, the "suspect," on discharging his weapon just once, would be transformed instantaneously from "suspect" to at least "S.O.B." And my normal person wouldn't "exit the premises" so much as get the hell out, enty?

I'm going to try using *enty* in casual conversation. I'll bet people who've never heard the word before will know exactly what it means.

That's a good kind of word.

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

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Double-Crostic No. 36

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 Y		2 B	3 J	4 U		5 H	6 C	7 Y	8 L		9 R	10 U	11 X	12 E	13 V	14 J		15 L	16 H	17 P	18 G	19 X		20 T
	21 K	22 I	23 G	24 P	25 F	26 L	27 E	28 Z		29 Y	30 G		31 C	32 X	33 M		34 Z	35 Q		36 O	37 D	38 L	39 R	40 Y
41 K		42 S	43 A	44 U	45 P	46 W		47 Y		48 Z	49 H	50 D	51 A	52 J	53 Q	54 U	55 F		56 P	57 U	58 S	59 I		60 G
61 Z	62 S		63 M	64 X	65 H		66 L	67 D	68 E	69 F	70 S		71 A	72 Z		73 S	74 O	75 C	76 M	77 T		78 Z	79 E	80 U
81 N	82 A		83 O	84 I	85 Q	86 J	87 T		88 S	89 L	90 N		91 P	92 K	93 I	94 C	95 X		96 Q	97 N	98 Z	99 C	100 M	101 B
102 D	103 P		104 W	105 U	106 Y	107 G	108 V		109 C	110 X		111 Q	112 H	113 X		114 U	115 O	116 L	117 F		118 I	119 V	120 H	121 N
	122 T	123 U		124 Y	125 Q	126 N	127 C	128 D		129 G	130 U	131 B		132 I	133 Y		134 Q	135 X	136 V	137 S	138 W	139 P	140 Y	141 O
142 K	143 U	144 T	145 F		146 T	147 H	148 L	149 X	150 E		151 K	152 C	153 Q	154 R	155 O	156 J		157 X	158 H		159 J	160 D	161 B	162 S
	163 E	164 T	165 L	166 K		167 Q	168 C	169 G	170 W	171 J	172 F	173 R		174 D	175 Z	176 E	177 H	178 Y		179 O	180 T	181 X		182 L
183 W	184 J	185 E	186 H		187 S		188 Z	189 G	190 K															

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what word a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to words, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Scottish philosopher and historian (1711–76; *The Natural History of Religion*)	43 51 71 82
B. Excellent; fine or fine-looking (Scottish)	101 131 161 2
C. Exaggerated, as in depicting or describing	6 75 94 99 109 152 168 31 127
D. Honor won, as for achievement	160 174 37 50 67 102 128
E. Cavalier poet (1618–57?)	163 176 12 27 68 79 150 185
F. Oriental warehouse	145 25 55 69 117 172
G. Disreputable element of society	18 23 60 107 169 189 30 129
H. Involving gross injury; grossly offensive; extravagant	158 177 49 65 120 5 16 112 147 186
I. Incautious, rash	84 93 118 132 22 59
J. Emergency rations developed by Indians	159 171 184 52 86 156 3 14
K. Scantiness	21 41 92 151 166 142 190
L. To all outward appearances	116 148 182 8 26 38 89 66 165 15
M. Of common or frequent occurrence	33 100 63 76

CLUES	WORDS
N. Be silent (music)	90 126 81 97 121
O. Dead body	36 74 83 141 155 115 179
P. American film star (*Dancing Lady*, 1933; *Finian's Rainbow*, 1967)	17 24 91 56 139 45 103
Q. Vastness	134 167 53 125 35 85 153 96 111
R. River rising on Cross Fell, Cumberland, Northern England	154 173 9 39
S. Winner of horse racing's Triple Crown, 1941	42 88 137 62 73 58 70 187 162
T. Adverse in tendency or effect; harmful	122 144 164 146 180 87 20 77
U. Nickname of former N.Y. Yankee George Selkirk	105 57 143 80 114 10 44 123 130 54 4
V. Weight	119 13 108 136
W. Whitewashes	170 183 138 46 104
X. Mourners' bench (2 wds.)	64 135 181 149 110 113 19 95 11 32 157
Y. Lessening	140 1 124 40 7 106 178 47 29 133
Z. Untrained or inept enlisted men; sad sacks	72 61 28 78 175 34 98 188 48

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 35* appears on page 68.

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Human Events

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Eye on Chess

George Arliss, the great old English character actor, was a well-known vegetarian. Surprisingly, for an actor, he was also very shy and reserved and never, never spoke in public. One foggy London morning, while hurrying to a rehearsal, he heard a soapbox orator–one of the Hyde Park variety–pleading for humane treatment of animals. Since this subject was close to his heart, he paused–and soon grew outraged at the indifferent, hostile audience, which was more interested in baiting than in listening. When one heckler called out, "What I want to know is, Can a man live without meat?" Arliss leaped into the fray. Indignation gave power to his quavering voice, strength to his slight figure. "Young man," he shouted, "I haven't eaten meat or birds for more than thirty years!" "Yes, and *look* at you!" shot back the instant and devastating reply.

How many times have I been tempted to shout, "Yes, and *look* at you!" when a hopelessly outmaneuvered opponent has boasted in a loud voice, ". . . and you know, I've never read a book on chess!"?

It's almost impossible to exaggerate either the importance of every move in the opening or the importance of the major books on chess openings that have been compiled by masters. While a poor move in the middle or end game frequently can be redeemed, a poor one in the opening is usually fatal. Consider the following encounters, which demonstrate this precept:

Sicilian Defense
Paris, 1927 (Simultaneous)

White: Bernstein		Black: Amateur	
1. P–K4	P–QB4	4. P–Q4	PxP
2. N–QB3	N–QB3	5. NxP	B–N5
3. KN–K2	P–K3	6. NxN	BxNch

This give-up of the KB leaves Black seriously weak on the dark squares.

7. PxB NPxN 8. B–R3 Q–R4

". . . and you know, I've never read a book on chess!"

9. Q–Q6 QxPch 11. K–Q2 Resigns.
10. K–Q QxRch

If 11. . . ., K–Q; 12. Q–B8ch, K–B2; 13. B–Q6ch, K–N3; 14. Q–Q8ch, K–N2; 15. Q–B7 mate. If 13. . . ., K–N2; 14. B–R6ch, wins the Queen, and mate follows in short order.

Pirc-Robatsch Defense (Irregular)
Vienna, 1902

White: Hamlisch		Black: Amateur	
1. P–K4	P–Q3	3. B–QB4	P–KN3
2. P–Q4	N–Q2	4. N–KB3	B–N2

Now Black is lost. Ignoring the threat to his KB2 by the White KB is fatal.

5. BxPch! KxB 6. N–N5ch K–B3

If 6. . . ., K–K or K–B; 7. N–K6 wins the Queen either by a fork or smother!

7. Q–B3 Mate

But even grand masters must conform:

Caro-Kann Defense
Vienna, 1910

White: Reti		Black: Tartakover	
1. P–K4	P–QB3	4. NxP	N–B3
2. P–Q4	P–Q4	5. Q–Q3	P–K4
3. N–QB3	PxP		

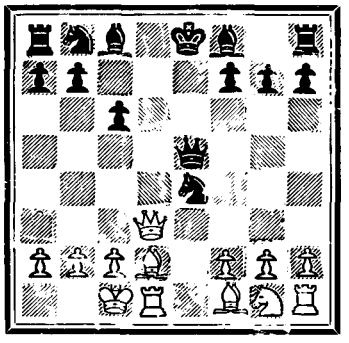
Black would seem to have done better with 5. . . ., NxN; 6. QxN, N–Q2.

6. PxP Q–R4ch 7. B–Q2! QxKP

Black is behind in development and protection of his King. White's next move, offering a sacrifice, launches a brilliant combination.

8. O–O–O! NxN?

Not 8. . . ., QxN?; 9. R–K.



9. Q–Q8ch KxQ 10. B–N5 dbl ch. Resigns

If 10. . . ., K–K; 11. R–Q8 mate; and if 10. . . ., K–B2; 11. B–Q8 mate!

FAIRFIELD W. HOBAN

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(**Report:** continued from page 11.)

Interestingly, the issue was later resolved with decorum at a demonstration trial, presumed to be before the International Court of Justice, based upon a hypothetical episode. The presiding judge was T. O. Elias, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Nigeria, and his associate judges were from Thailand, Yugoslavia, Ivory Coast, Barbados, Finland, and China. In the absence of Arab or Israeli participants, the conference considered the legal merits of arguments on jurisdiction, asylum, extradition, and damages in international hijacking cases. In the end Elias announced a law-and-order victory, ruling in behalf of the entire court that hijackers are subject to international law, whatever their political motivation, and that any country that protects them is liable to penalty. His decision, as the statement of an eminent judicial body, was probably the single most important event of the entire conference.

At the final plenary session, the battle resumed; and when the indefatigable Arab delegates tried to force through a condemnation of Israel, the meeting degenerated into an intemperate brawl. In the end the Arabs lost again, the lesson being that the Conference on World Peace Through Law is not the United Nations and that even delegates from countries normally favorable to the Arab cause preferred to conduct themselves, in this setting, as lawyers rather than as politicians. In fact, when an angry Lebanese shouted a demand that all Arabs walk out of the meeting, no one followed him and he sheepishly returned to his seat.

What then did this conference achieve, and was it worth all the trouble? Those are questions difficult to answer with irrefutable evidence. Perhaps one should ask, instead, whether it's worth cultivating an international community of lawyers with a common set of peace-keeping objectives. Is it worth exploring the notion of an international legal structure, apart from areas of political conflict? Is it worth, despite the disappointments and discord, trying to keep a movement for world law alive? History records much dissension and no discernible results from Karl Marx's meetings of the First International a century ago, but his idea did not die. Similarly, it may be premature to inter the idea of World Peace Through Law. There may still be time—if it's not abandoned—for the idea to bloom.

MILTON VIORST

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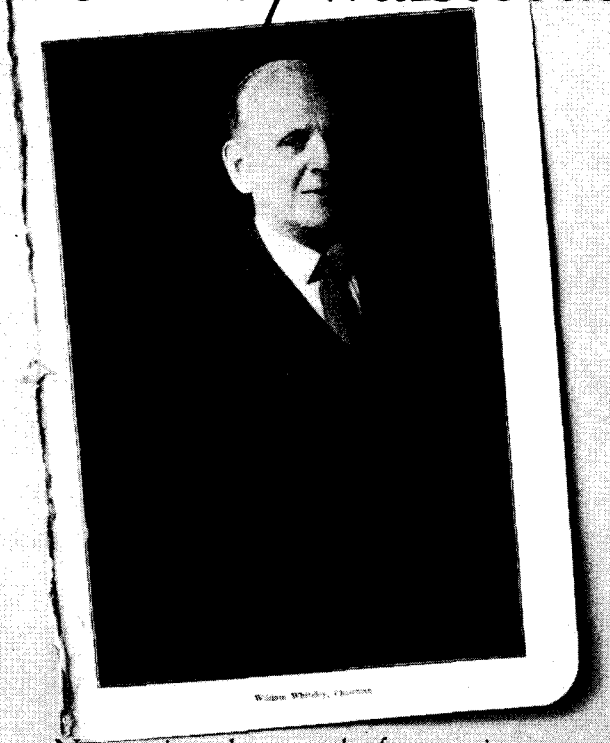
"There have to be differences of opinion. Otherwise, who would wear the fancy waistcoat?"

William Whiteley, Esq.



No question who wore the fancy waistcoat here at William Whiteley & Company. It was Mr. William. No one knew better than he that there were differences of opinion on the subject of Scotch. He made it plain, for that reason, that the opinion which counted was his own. That's why we still make King's Ransom the way we've been making Scotch since 1825. Actually, the Whiteleys had been making whisky much longer, but 1825 was the year the government discovered the still and convinced Mr. William's grandfather he should pay taxes on his profits. He never forgave them for that.

Most Scotch companies in the Highlands have modernized since then and think we're a bit daft because we haven't. To wit: we distill our own Highland malt whisky in a little place called Edradour. That's not so unique. But all the other companies trade their whiskies whilst we keep ours all for ourselves. This is partly because we won't be forced into trading for whisky we don't want, but mainly because we just don't distill very much.

Every bottle of our Scotch has a bit of whisky that's been around the world by ship. Some say this is just a publicity stunt, but the gentle rolling of the ship honestly does help marry the blends. And, in the days when we shipped it out as ballast, we saved money on warehouse space. Every drop of King's Ransom is 12 years old, and that adds up.

Competitors deride us for having no salesmen on staff. But we've always kept busy filling orders that come by post. King's Ransom has been chosen by royalty and other muckety-mucks for generations, and we're pleased to have their trade, whether they're employed or at liberty. A customer is a customer, as long as his credit is good.

The price of King's Ransom is steep enough to bring tears to your eyes. For years it was the world's *most* expensive whisky, now it's merely *one* of the most. (Several others have been foolish enough to covet that distinction, and we're happy to let them fight over it.) Meanwhile, if your curiosity is too keen to be dampened by the price, we hope you'll try King's Ransom.

Before you discover a taste for it, we should mention that not even we are self-indulgent enough to drink it daily. Weekdays we drink House of Lords, our 8-year-old. House of Lords is blended of the same pedigreed stock, and short of King's Ransom itself, we know of no better whisky. Mr. William would agree to that. He, after all, was the one who said it first.

William Whiteley & Co

Qui Uti Scit Ei Bona

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